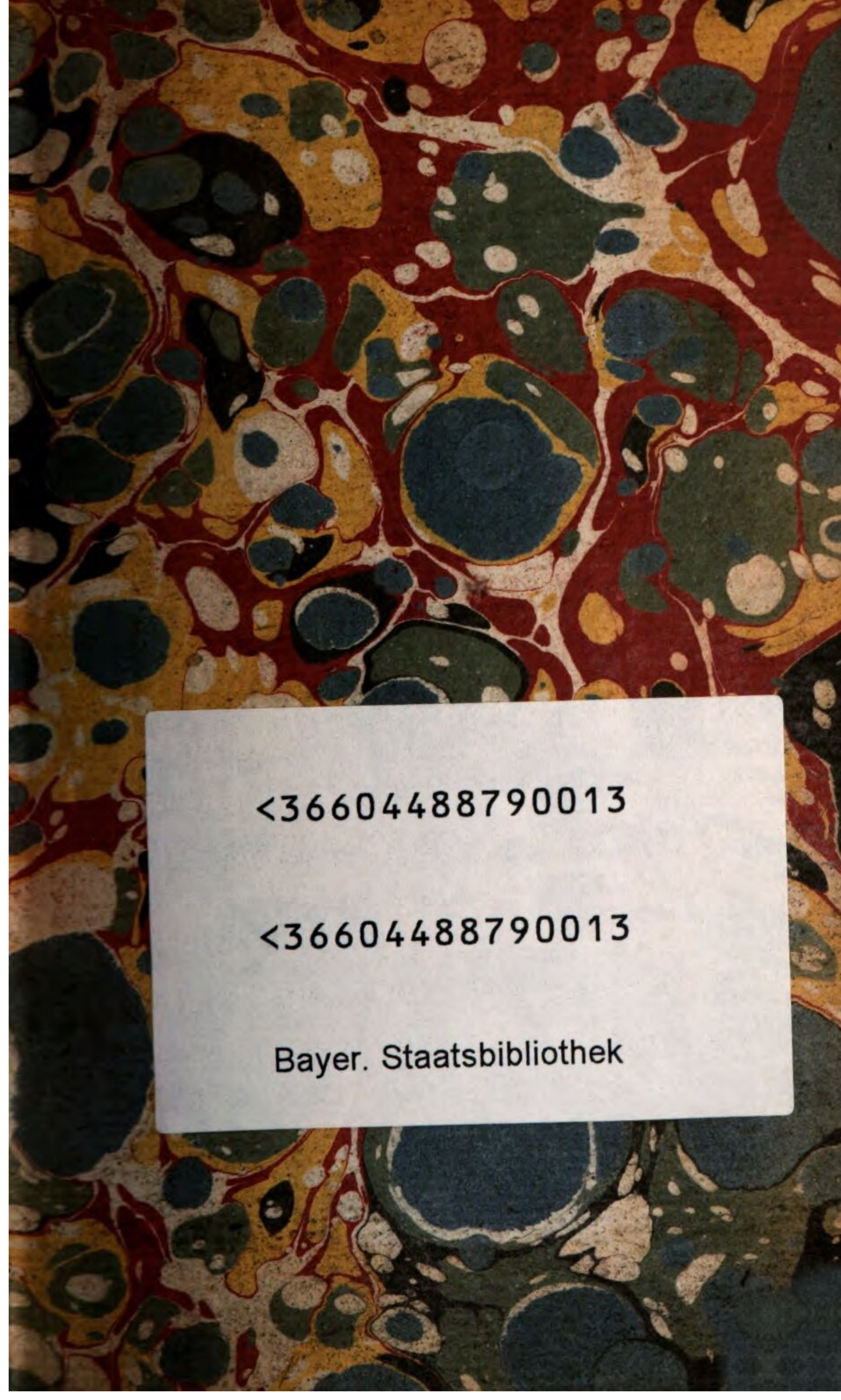






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22

L E T T E R S,

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DUBLIN,

A N D

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS,

FROM THE YEAR 1696 TO 1742.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

COLLECTED AND REVISED

BY DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

OF GOODRICH IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

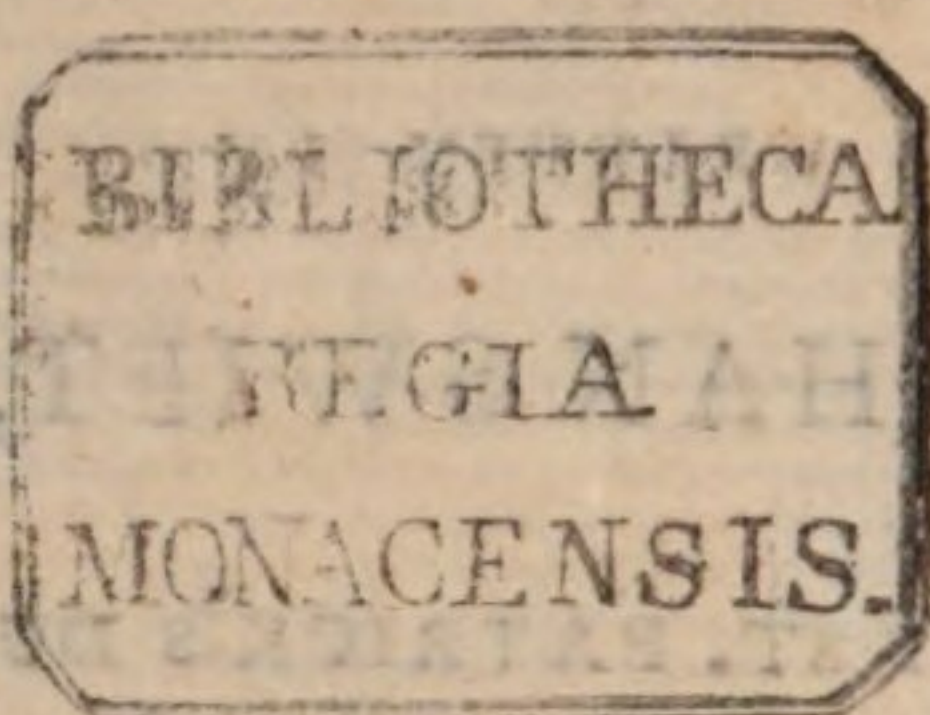
A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

VOLUME IV.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. BATHURST, W. STRAHAN,
J. and F. RIVINGTON, L. DAVIS,
W. and E. JOHNSTON, W. OWEN, R.
ALDWIN, T. LONGMAN, J. DODSLEY,
and T. CADELL. MDCCLXXV.

J. R. T. T. T.



SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS
FROM THE YEAR 1740 TO 1744
PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS
COLLECTED AND REVISED
BY DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.
OF GODRICH IN HERESODONIA
A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED
VOLUME IV

J. O. H. D. O. T.
Printed for C. Bathurst, at the
J. and A. Bathurst, at the
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ERRATUM.

P. 9. Note, l. 4, 5. read, "Aug. 2, 1710,
"p. 343 of this volume."

To Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSTON,
in LUDGATE - STREET.

S I R,

ALTHOUGH I gave you my reasons, some time ago, for not troubling either the Publick or myself with any Preface to these volumes of Dr. SWIFT's Writings, you still press for some kind of Advertisement, by way of ushering them into the world. But what occasion is there for such formality? If the Letters now printed merit general regard, they will have a chance to live as long as the rest of his Epistles: if they deserve contempt, their days will be of short continuance. And as for the reigns of WILLIAM RUFUS, HENRY the FIRST, and STEPHEN; it is supposed they will appear to to be such a model of *English* history, as will make all men of taste, and especially foreigners, regret that he pursued his plan no farther.

I can tell you a secret, which I was not apprized of myself until about a year ago, and which perhaps may give you pleasure. There are many of the Doctor's best writings, *long since printed* (don't be surprized, for I am supported in what I say by the authority of manuscripts now in my own study) which are not to be met with in any collection of his Works: so indifferent he was, and careless,

VOL. IV. [or XXII.] B whether

whether they lived or died. Yet even these, by one means or other, as I know their titles, and conjecture where they can be found, I hope I shall be able to recover, and send down to posterity.

To the best of my recollection, when I talked to you last *November* of a Preface to these Volumes, I had some thoughts of opening a scene, which would have exposed to view several things which are still involved in darkness. But, as I have neither youth, leisure, nor inclination, to engage in alterations of any sort, I think it is better to postpone what I have principally to say relating to these matters, and particularly to the subject of Dr. SWIFT's Writings, until a more convenient and proper season; when perhaps it will be thought early enough to inform the curious, by what a strange variety of accidents the DOCTOR's Works have happened to make their appearance in so disorderly, uncouth, and miserable a condition (to say nothing of a thousand mistakes and blunders committed by several Editors, both in *England* and *Ireland*) as they do at present.

I am, Sir, wishing you all success in your publication,

Your most sincere,

and very humble servant,

Worcester,
July 25, 1767.

D. S.

L E T T E R S

FROM

Dr. SWIFT to STELIA^a.

^a These letters to *Stella*, or Mrs. *Johnson*, were all written in a series, from the time of Dr. *Swift's* landing at *Chester*, in September 1710, until his return to *Ireland* upon the demise of the queen; barring the interruption of about six weeks, or two months, in the year 1713, when he was obliged to go over to *Ireland*, upon being made *Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin*. The letters were all very carefully preserved by *Stella*; and at her death, if not before, taken up by Dr. *Swift*; for what end we know not, unless it were to compare the current news of the times with that *History of the Queen* which he writ at *Windsor* in the year 1713: they were sometimes addressed to Mrs. *Johnson*, and sometimes to Mrs. *Dingley*, who was a relation of the *Temple* family, and friend to Mrs. *Johnson*. Both these ladies went over to *Ireland* upon *Swift's* invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly together.

LETTERS

FROM

DR. SWIFT TO STELLIA

"These letters to Stella, or Mrs. Johnson, were
all written in a letter from the time of the
landing at Chelsea, in September 1710, and his re-
turn to Ireland soon after the death of the queen;
having the interposition of about six weeks, or two
months, in the year 1711, when he was obliged to go
over to Ireland, upon being made Dean of St. Pa-
trick's, Dublin. The letters were all very care-
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before, taken up by Dr. Johnson; for what end we
know not, unless it were to compare the current
news of the times with that history of the times
which he was at Chelsea in the year 1713: they
were sometimes addressed to Mrs. Johnson, and
sometimes to Mrs. Knolly, who was a relation of
the Temple family, and friend to Mrs. Johnson.
Both these ladies went over to Ireland upon Dr. Swift's
invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly
together."



LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

JOE^b will give you an account of me till I got into the boat; after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship: but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on *Monday*: the

^b Mr. *Joseph Beaumont*, a merchant, of *Trim*, whose name frequently occurs in these papers. He was a venerable, handsome, grey-headed man, of quick and various natural abilities, but not improved by learning: his *forte* was *Mathematicks*, which he applied to some useful purposes in the linen trade, but chiefly to the investigation of the *Longitude*; which was supposed to have occasioned a lunacy, with which he was seized in *Dublin* about the year 1718; from whence he was brought home to *Trim*, and recovered his understanding. But some years after, having relapsed into his former malady, he cut his throat in a fit of distraction.

6 LETTERS TO STELLA.

first man I met in *Chester* was Dr. *Raymond*^c. He and Mrs. *Raymond* were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from *Parkgate*, but no hurt; the horse understands falls very well, and lying quietly till I get up. My duty to the bishop of *Clogher*^d. I saw him returning from *Dunleary*^e; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to *Trim*, and riding there as much as you can. Let the bishop of *Clogher* remind the bishop of *Killala* to send me a letter, with one inclosed to the bishop of *Litchfield*^f. Let all who write to me, inclose to *Richard Steele*, Esq; at his office at *The Cockpit* near *Whitehall*. My lord *Mountjoy* is now in the humour that we should begin our journey this afternoon; so that I have stolen here again to finish this, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. *Wesley*, and will tell her, that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever she pleases

^c Vicar of *Trim*, and formerly one of the fellows of the university of *Dublin*.

^d Dr. *St. George Ashe*, who in the reign of *George I.* was made bishop of *Derry*.

^e This must have been while *Swift* was sailing in the *Bay of Dublin*, and the bishop riding upon the *North-Strand*.

^f Dr. *John Hough*.

to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her inclosed and sealed. God Almighty bleſs you; and, for God's ſake, be merry, and get your health. I am perfectly reſolved to return as ſoon as I have done my commiſſion^g, whether it ſucceeds or no. I never went to *England* with ſo little deſire in my life. If Mrs. *Curry* makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them. The poſt is juſt come from *London*, and juſt going out; ſo I have only time to pray God to bleſs you, &c.

L E T T E R II.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

I GOT here laſt *Thursday*, after five days traveling, weary the firſt, almoſt dead the ſecond, tolerable the third, and well enough the reſt; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has ſerved for exerciſe; and I am at preſent well enough. The *Whigs* were raviſhed to ſee me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c. But my lord treaſurer^h received me with a great deal of coldneſs, which has enraged me ſo, I am almoſt vowing revenge. I

^g This commiſſion was, to ſolicit the queen to remit the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts, payable to the crown by the clergy of *Ireland*.

^h The earl of *Godolphin*.

8 LETTERS TO STELLA.

have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my lady *Giffard*ⁱ is much at *Court*, and lady *Wharton* was ridiculing it the other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see *Stella's* mother^k some other way. I writ to the bishop of *Clogher* from *Chester*; and I now write to the archbishop of *Dublin*. Every thing is turning upside down; every *Whig* in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as hath not been seen in *England*. Every body asks me, how I came to be so long in *Ireland*, as naturally as if here were my *being*; but no soul offers to make it so: and I protest I shall return to *Dublin*, and the *Canal* at *Laracor*^l, with more satisfaction than ever I did in my life. The *Tatler*^m expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of *Ormond*, they say, will be lieutenant of *Ireland*. I hope you are now peaceably in *Presto's*ⁿ lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out

ⁱ Lady *Giffard* was sister to sir *William Temple*.

^k She was at that time in lady *Giffard's* family.

^l The Doctor's benefice in the diocese of *Meath*.

^m *Richard Steele*, Esq;

ⁿ In these letters, *pdfr*, stands for Dr. *Swift*; *Ppt*, for *Stella*; *D.* for *Dingley*; *D. D.* generally for *Dingley*, but sometimes for both *Stella* and *Dingley*; and *MD* generally stands for both these ladies; yet sometimes only for *Stella*. But, to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more adviseable

out by *Christmas*; in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at *Trim* by the time this letter comes to you; and ride little *Johnson*, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually, on the post-night, and have already written to the archbishop; and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to *MD*, and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full, I will send it whether *MD* writes or no; and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with *MD*, and *MD* with *Presto*. Pray make *Parvisol*^o pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am grown fatter, and look better; and, on *Monday*, *Jervas* is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw *Jack Temple* and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family P.

adviseable to use the word *Presto* for *Swift*, which is borrowed from the duchess of *Shrewsbury*, who, not recollecting the Doctor's name, called him Dr. *Presto*, (which is *Italian* for *Swift*). [Vid. Let. xxvii. Sept. 2, 1710, in vol. XIX. of this collection.] Instead of *Ppt. Stella* is used for Mrs. *Johnson*, and so for *D. Dingley*; but as *MD* stands for both *Dingley* and *Stella*, it was thought more convenient to let it remain a cypher in its original state.

o The Doctor's agent at *Laracor*.

P It never has yet appeared to the publick what gave rise to this great coolness between the *Temple* family and Dr. *Swift*.

10 LETTERS TO STELLA.

Tell the provost ^q, I have obeyed his commands to the duke of *Ormond*; or let it alone, if you please. I saw *Jemmey Leigh* ^r just now at the *Coffee-house*, who asked after you with great kindness: he talks of going in a fortnight to *Ireland*. My service to the dean ^s, and Mrs. *Walls*, and her archdeacon^t. *Will Frankland's* wife is near bringing to-bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my *Chester* letter the *Tuesday* after I writ. I presented Dr. *Raymond* to lord *Wharton* at *Chester*. Pray let me know when *Joe* gets his money^u. It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bell-man. *MD* shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in *London*; and so farewell, &c.

^q Dr. *Pratt*, afterwards dean of *Downe*.

^r A gentleman of fortune in the county of *Westmeath*, in *Ireland*, whose name often occurs in these letters. He was well acquainted with *Stella*, and seems to have had a great esteem for her merit and accomplishments.

^s Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's*, *Dublin*.

^t See *Swift's* works, vol. XVIII. p. 366. N.

^u This money was a *præmium* the government had promised him for his *Mathematical Slicing Tables*, calculated for the improvement of the linen manufactory, which were afterwards printed, and are still greatly regarded.

LET-

L E T T E R III.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

AFTER seeing the duke of *Ormond*, dining with *Dr. Cockburn*, passing some part of the afternoon with *sir Matthew Dudley* and *Will Frankland*, the rest at *St. James's Coffee-house*, I came home, and writ to the archbishop of *Dublin* and *MD*, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged *Will Frankland* to stand *Manley's* ^w friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me, "His father was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for *Manley's* place; that he was accused of opening letters; that *sir Thomas Frankland* would sacrifice every thing to save himself;" and in that, I fear, *Manley* is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with lord *Mountjoy* at *Kensington*; saw my mistress, *Ophy Butler's* wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with *Addison* and *Steele*: *Steele* will certainly lose his *Gazetteer's* place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the *Coffee-house*, hoping to find lord *Radnor*, whom I had not seen. He was there; and for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the *Whigs*, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come

^w *Manley* was post-master-general of *Ireland*.

12 LETTERS TO STELLA.

home, rolling resentments in my mind, and traming schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid *MD* dined at home, because it is *Sunday*; and there was the little half-pint of wine: for God's sake, be good girls, and all will be well. *Ben Tooke* ^x was with me this morning.

11. Seven, morning. I am rising to go to *Jervas* to finish my picture, and it is shaving day, so good morrow *MD*; but don't keep me now, for I can't stay; and pray dine with the dean, but don't lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to *Jervas*, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely; but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr. *Addison* and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. *Patrick* observes, that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politicks, than in *Ireland*. Every day we expect changes, and the *Parliament* to be dissolved. Lord *Wharton* expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from *Joe* last *Saturday*, telling me Mr. *Pratt* ^y refuses payment of his money. I have

^x The Doctor's bookseller.

^y Vice-treasurer of *Ireland*.

told it Mr. *Addison*, and will to lord *Wharton*; but I fear with no success. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr. *Ford* to the duke of *Ormond*; and paid my first visit to lord-president^z, with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began to talk of lord *Wharton* in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said, "He knew I never expected any thing from lord *Wharton*," and that lord *Wharton* knew that I understood it so." He said, "That he had written twice to lord *Wharton* about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter." I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the *First-Fruits*, till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord-president told me, he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest, upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city, to see Mr. *Stratford* the *Hamburg* merchant, my old school-fellow; but calling at *Bull's* on *Ludgate-hill*, he forced me to his house at *Hampstead* to dinner among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. *Hoadly*^a.

^z Lord *Somers*.

^a Dr. *Benjamin Hoadly*, afterwards bishop of *Winchester*. Dr. *Swift* had taken an invincible prejudice against this very admirable prelate, whose writings (lately collected by his son) in three folio volumes, will ever be esteemed by all lovers of the natural, political, and religious rights of *Englishmen*. N. she

the Whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to *Sacheverel*: but to-morrow I design again to see *Stratford*. I was glad, however, to be at *Hampstead*, where I saw lady *Lucy* and *Moll Stanhope*. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. *Long*; she and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day, I saw *Patty Rolt*, who heard I was in town; and I dined with *Stratford* at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first *Tockay* wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to the degree I expected. *Stratford* is worth a plumb, and is now lending the *Government* forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the same school and university. We hear the chancellor is to be suddenly out, and sir *Simon Harcourt* to succeed him: I am come early home, not caring for the coffee-house.

15. To-day Mr. *Addison*, colonel *Freind*, and I, went to see the million lottery drawn at *Guildhall*. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and shewed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near *Chelsea*, where Mr. *Addison* often retires; and to-night, at the *Coffee-house*, we hear sir *Simon Harcourt* is made lord-keeper; so that now we expect every moment the *Parliament* will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will
not

not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from *MD*, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen *Stella's* mother, because I will not see lady *Giffard*; but I will contrive to go there when lady *Giffard* is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is *Number 3*, and I have not yet had *Number 1* from *MD*; but I shall by *Monday*, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring?

16. Morning. Sir *John Holland*, comptroller of the household, has sent to desire my acquaintance: I have a mind to refuse him, because he is a *Whig*, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer, where *Patty Rolt* lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. *Long's* misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers without dating them from any place. I swear, it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-

16 LETTERS TO STELLA.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with *Will Pate* the learned woollen-draper; Mr. *Stratford* went with me; six miles here is nothing: we left *Pate* after sun-set, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on *Tuesday*, whether I hear from *MD* or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God *Stella* may give me a good account of hers! and I hope you are now at *Trim*, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night: the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little *MD's* hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers! Here is Mr. *Brydges* the paymaster-general desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen's sent lord *Shrewsbury* to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the *First-Fruits*. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is a whole sheet; it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I'll do so no more. Sir *Simon Harcourt* is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. *Stratford* at Mr. *Addison's* retirement near *Chelsea*; then came to town; got home early, and began a letter to the *Tatler*, about the corruptions of style and writing, &c. and, having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord *Wharton* was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the duke of *Devonshire*:
they

they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the *Parliament* will be dissolved. When you see *Joe*, tell him, lord *Wharton* is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. *Addison*, and will write to-day to Mr. *Pratt*; and bid *Joe* not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that won't write to a body, and to a good boy like *Presto*. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from *MD*. Yesterday at noon died the earl of *Anglesey*, the great support of the *Tories*; so that employment of vice-treasurer of *Ireland* is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The bishop of *Durham*^a died the same day. The duke of *Ormond's* daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-morrow. I have had a letter from lady *Berkeley*, begging me for charity to come to *Berkeley-castle*, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsey; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told, that in a few hours there will be more removals.

^a Dr. *George Bull*. N.

20. To-

20. To-day I returned my visits to the duke's daughters; the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me. Then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord-president *Somers*; the duke of *Devonshire*, lord-steward; and Mr. *Boyle*, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a *Court*: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the *Parliament* is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange *Winter* here, between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to *Ireland*, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or no. To-morrow I change my lodgings in *Pall-mall* for one in *Bury-street*, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in *London*. If any thing happens to-morrow, I will add it. —*Robin's Coffee-house*. We have great news just now from *Spain*; *Madrid* taken, and *Pampeluna*. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked, all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from *Parvisol*, who tells me, he gave Mrs. *Walls* a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the *Parliament* is dissolved: great news from *Spain*; king *Charles* and *Stanhope* are at *Madrid*, and
count

count *Staremborg* has taken *Pampeluna*. Farewell. This is from *St. James's Coffee-house*. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night; but not send it this week. Pray tell me whether you like this journal way of writing.—I don't like your reasons for not going to *Trim*. *Parvisol* tells me he can sell your horse. Sell it with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell any thing that *Stella* loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to *Trim*. Let him sell my grey, and be hanged.

L E T T E R IV.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear sawcy little *MD* should be angry, and think *much* that the paper is too little. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, faucebox. I believe I told you where I dined to day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on *Sunday*; *Molesworth* the *Florence* envoy, *Stratford*, and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from lady *Giffard's* house had been at the *Coffee-house* to inquire for me. It was *Stella's* mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter to-morrow, and

and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing lady *Giffard*, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at *Hampstead* with lady *Lucy*, &c. and when I got home found a letter from *Joe*, with one inclosed to lord *Wharton*, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's order, is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think any body will trouble the queen about *Joe*? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied; it is to-morrow I go to the country, and I won't answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little *MD* of ours; I must be writing every night; I can't go to-bed without a word to them; I can't put out my candle till I have bid them good night: O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time, to day, with *Will Frankland* and his *Fortune*: she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in *Frankland's* chariot, and come back at night. Lady *Berkeley* has invited me to *Berkeley-castle*, and lady *Betty Germaine* to *Drayton* in *Northamptonshire*; and I'll go to
neither.

neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to *Bickerstaff*: let the bishop of *Clogher* smother it if he can. Well, I'll write to the bishop of *Killala*; but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S——; and if I know D——y, he is a rawboned-faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So, you have got into *Presto's* lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. *Ballygall* will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs *Ashe* makes good her promise. *Stella* writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray, Mrs. *Stella*. Can't you do what you will with your own horse? Pray don't let that puppy *Parvisol* sell him. *Patrick* is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him. —Stuff—how can I get her husband into the *Charter-house*? get a——into the *Charter-house*.—Write constantly! Why, firrah, don't I write every day, and sometimes twice a day to *MD*? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be: send me
my

my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent ^b what I say of the *Charter-house*. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To day I dined six miles out of town at *Will Pate's*, with *Stratford*, *Frankland*, and the *Moleworths*, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door ^c, and have set at home since six, writing to the bishop of *Clogher*, dean *Sterne*, and Mr. *Manley*: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, To keep as much in favour as possible with sir *Thomas Frankland*, his master here.

26. Smoak how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. *Manley*, you must know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last *Sunday*, *September 24*, 1710, was as hot as *Midsummer*. This was written in the morning; it is now night, and *Presto* in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten *MD's* second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill

^b The Doctor's housekeeper.

^c This must have been at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*.

to *Tooke*, and so—Well, I dined to-day with fir *John Holland* the comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home, and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon^d, which goes on very slow: and now I am writing to sawcy *MD*; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet; my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. *S—* came to see me; and said, “*M—* was going to the country next morning with “her husband” (who I find is a furly brute); so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at *Will Frankland's*, with *Steele* and *Addison* too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I cannot afford to answer your letter yet. *Morgan*, the puppy, writ me a long letter, to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to the next lord-chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father *Raymond*^e, or any body that will tell him: “That Dr. “*Swift* has received his letter; and would “be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it “in what he desires, because he has no sort

^d This was, *The Virtues of Sid Hamet, the Magician's Rod*, printed in vol. VI. of the Dean's Works, p. 74.

^e Dr. *Raymond* is only called his father, because he espoused Mr. *Morgan's* interest with all his power.

“of interest in the persons to be applied to.” These words you may write, and let *Joe*, or Mr. *Warburton*^f, give them to him: a pox on him! However, it is by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good night without losing a line, and then *MD* would scold; but now, good night.

28. I have the finest piece of *Brazil* tobacco for *Dingley* that ever was born. You talk of *Leigh*; why he won't be in *Dublin* these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to *London*, to see how the world goes here in *Parliament*. Good night, firrahs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Barton* alone at her lodgings; where she told me for certain, that lady *S——* was with child when she was last in *England*, and pretended a tympany, and saw every body; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No, wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. *Conolly* is out; and Mr. *Roberts* in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in *Ireland*. That employment cost *Conolly* three thousand pounds to lord *Wharton*; so he has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish *MD* a merry *Michaelmas*. I dined with Mr. *Addison*, and *Fervas* the

^f The Doctor's curate at *Laracor*.

[painter,

painter, at *Addison's* country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a *Tatler* & since I came: guess which it is, and whether the bishop of *Clogher* smoaks it. I saw Mr. *Sterne* to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for *Stella's* health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I don't like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make *Stella* a coward in a coach. I don't think any lady's advice about my ear signifies two-pence: however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. *Cockburn*. *Radcliffe* I know not, and *Bernard* I never see. *Walls*^h will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So *Stella* puns again; why, it is well enough; but I'll not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left *Ireland*.—Bishop of *Clogher's* bill? Why, he paid it to me; do you think I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on *Parvisol* for it on the other side of this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and *Joe*, or let *Dingley* transcribe and send them; though that to *Parvisol*, I

g N^o 230, Sept. 28. 1710; which (with two other *Tatlers* by the Dean) is printed in vol. XI. of this collection, and four others in vol. XXIV. N.

^h Archdeacon *Walls*; to whom some letters in vol. XVIII. p. 366, &c. are addressed. N.

C

believe,

believe, he must have my hand for. No, no, I'll eat no grapes; I ate about six the other day at fir *John Holland's*; but would not give six-pence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God *Presto* and *MD* will be together this time twelvemonth. What then? Last year I suppose I was at *Laracor*; but next I hope to eat my *Michaelmas* goose at my two little gooses' lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I suppose you mean *ale*); but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O lord, how much *Stella* writes! pray don't carry that too far, young women, but be temperate, to hold out. Tomorrow I go to Mr. *Harley*. Why; small hopes from the duke of *Ormond*: he loves me very well, I believe, and would, in my turn, give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I don't think of any thing further than the business I am upon: you see I writ to *Manley* before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, *Blighe's* corpse came to *Chester* when I was there; and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in *Bury-street*, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room, and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mistress *Stella*, about my *instrument*? I have the same the archbishop gave me; and it is as good now
the

the bishops are away. The dean friendly! the dean be poxt: a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the bishop of *Clogher*; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that's enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to *Joe* and *Parvisol*. Tell the dean, that when the bishops send me any pacquets, they must not write to me at Mr. *Steele's*; but direct for Mr. *Steele*, at his office at *The Cockpit*; and let the inclosed be directed for me: that mistake cost me eighteen-pence the other day.

30. I dined with *Stratford* to-day, but am not to see Mr. *Harley* till *Wednesday*: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have *Joe* have his letter, and *Parvisol* too; which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

L E T T E R V.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAN'T I brought myself into a fine præmunire, to begin writing letters in whole sheets? and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little *MD* is pleased to know how *Presto* passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended my former. I told you

where I dined to-day at a tavern with *Stratford: Lewis*, who is a great favourite of *Harley's*, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to *Hampton-court*, and sent his excuse; and that next *Wednesday* he would introduce me to *Harley*. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the *Whigs* all make me of my ill usage: but I mind them not. I am already represented to *Harley* as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being *Whig* enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The *Tories* dryly tell me, "I may make my fortune, if I please;" but I do not understand them—or rather, I do understand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at *Molesworth's* the *Florence* envoy; and sat this evening with my friend *Darteneuf*, whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smokt the *Tatler* that I writ? It is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with *Delaval* the *Portugal* envoy, to dine with lord *Halifax* near *Hampton court*. Your *Manley's* brother, a parliament-man here, has gotten an employment; and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother: and, to-day, I spoke to the elder *Frankland* to engage his father (post-master here); and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the *Tories* of *Ireland*. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great personⁱ. It has cost me but

ⁱ The earl of *Godolphin*.

three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off, and go write to sir *John Stanley*^k, to desire him to engage lady *Hyde* as my mistress to engage lord *Hyde* in favour of Mr. *Pratt*.

2. Lord *Halifax* was at *Hampton-court* at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with *Metbuen*, and *Delaval*, and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner (for the queen was at *Hampton-court*), and expected to see *nobody*; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartons of *Raphael*, and other things; and with great difficulty got from lord *Halifax*, who would have kept me to-morrow to shew me his house and park, and improvements. We left *Hampton-court* at sun-set, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by star-light. That's something charms me mightily about *London*; that you go dine a dozen miles off in *Oxford*, stay all day, and return so quickly: you cannot do any thing like this in *Dublin*^l. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing

^k A commissioner of the customs; to whom a letter in vol. XVIII. is addressed, p. 393. N.

^l When this letter was written, there were no turnpike roads in *Ireland*: but the case now is quite altered, and you may dine any where as far from *Dublin*, and return as quickly, as you can from *London*.

of her. Did I tell you that earl *Berkeley* died last *Sunday* was se'nnight, at *Berkeley-castle*, of a dropfy? Lord *Halifax* began a health to me to-day; it was the *Resurrection of the Whigs*, which I refused unless he would add their *Reformation* too: and I told him, "he was the
 "only *Whig* in *England* I loved, or had any
 "good opinion of."

3. This morning *Stella's* sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at *Sheene*; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me; she gave me a bottle of palsy water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same: your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. *Lewis*, first secretary to lord *Dartmouth*, and favourite to Mr. *Harley*, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. *Lewis* had with him one Mr. *Dyet*, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stamp-office, and married to a sister of sir *Philip Meadows*, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. *Dyet* will be hanged; for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp paper, in which he was a commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoak *Presto* writing news to *MD*. I dined to-day with lord *Mantjoy* at *Kensington*, and walked
 from

from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, *October 2*, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever; and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider *Stella* cannot read, and *Dingley* is not so skillful at my ugly hand. I had to-night a letter from Mr. *Pratt*, who tells me, *Joe* will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever is lord lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for *Ned Southwell* and Mr. *Addison* both think *Pratt* in the right. Don't lose your money at *Manley's* to-night, firrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of lord *Halifax*, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near *Hampton-court*; but I sent him word, I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And, to-day, I was brought privately to Mr. *Harley*, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on *Saturday* at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smoakt it; but I did not till I
writ

writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. *Delaval's*, the envoy for *Portugal*, with *Nic Rowe* the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits; and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th: and why *N. 2d, 3d*; is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3? &c. I am going to work at another *Tatler*: I'll be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little *MD*; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear *MD*, when I occasionally give you any little commission mixt with my letters, don't forget it, as that to *Morgan* and *Joe*, &c. for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. *Sterne* to-day, and give him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you'll pay me when *the giver's bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths!

5. This morning *Delaval* came to see me, and we went together to *Kneller's* ^m, who was not in town, In the way we met the electors

^m Sir Godfrey Kneller's, the painter.

for

for parliament-men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying *A Colt, a Stanhope, &c.* We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side. I dined again at *Delaval's*; and in the evening, at the *Coffee-house*, heard sir *Andrew Fountain* was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth three-pence: I hope *MD* had a better, with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs. *Walls*. Why, the reason you lost four and eight-pence last night but one at *Manley's* was, because you played bad games: I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon *Manilio*, *Basto*, and two small diamonds? Then in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten-ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here's two and eight-pence half-penny towards your loss.

6. Sir *Andrew Fountain* came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him; and we dined at the *Chop-house* with *Will Pate*, the learned woollen-dra-per: then we sauntered at *china-shops* and bookfellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. *Harley*, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon; so that this night I shall say little to *MD*, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail,
or

or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more *Tories* than in the last *Parliament*; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the *Court* pleases. But I have been told, that Mr. *Harley* himself would not let the *Tories* be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent, and kick against him; and for that reason they have kept several *Whigs* in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as Sir *John Holland* the comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards, and your claret and orange, at the dean's; and I'll go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by *Tuesday*, that's certain; and if I have one from *MD* before, I will not answer it, that's as certain too. It is now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. *Harley* last night; for you must understand *Presto* was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you; and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, firrahs—At night. *Jack How* told *Harley*, "That if there were a lower place in
 " hell than another, it was reserved for his por-
 " ter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil
 " a manner." This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. *Harley*, by his own appointment. But the
 fellow

fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me, "His master was just gone to dinner, with much company," and desired I would come an hour hence: which I did, expecting to hear Mr. *Harley* was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. *Harley* came out to me, brought me in, and presented to me his son-in-law lord *Doblane*ⁿ (or some such name) and his own son, and, among others, *Will Penn* the Quaker: we sat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business; entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up^o, and put it in his pocket to shew the queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said every thing I could wish: told me, "he m
" bring Mr. *St. John* (secretary of state) and
" me acquainted;" and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, "That he would do every
" thing to bring me over." He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that!) I mean he has desired me to dine with him on *Tuesday*; and after four hours being with him, set me down at *St. James's Coffee-house*, in a hackney-coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me.

ⁿ Lord *Dupplin*.

^o See vol. *XIX.* of this collection, p. 56: N:
He

He knew my Christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I'll tell you; you must know, it is fatal to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for, being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to *Tooke*, to give him a ballad, and dine with him; but he was not at home: so I was forced to go to a blind chop-house, and dine for ten-pence upon gill-ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send *Steele* a *Tatler*, who is very low of late. I think I am civiler than I used to be; and have not used the expression of (*you in Ireland*) and (*we in England*) as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation. — They may talk of the *you know what* P; but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon new

p These words seem to refer to the apprehension the ministry were under, that *Swift* would take part with their enemies, and therefore it was that *Harley* would do every thing to bring him over. It is certain, that, after *Swift* had become intimate with the ministry, they freely acknowledged to him in conversation, that he was the only man in *England* they were afraid of.

friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle-faddles of to-morrow and *Monday* will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see *Harley* on *Tuesday* before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of *Harley*. He charged me to come to him often: I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, "That was not a place for friends to come to." It is now but morning; and I have got a foolish trick, I must say something to *MD* when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving-day, *Sunday*, so I have time enough; but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write: yes, it will vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do, I will shrink to half sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of *Presto's* life lost; and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger; and this evening sir *Andrew Fountain* would needs have me go to the tavern; where, for two bottles of wine, *Portugal* and *Florence*, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings

to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I'll spend as many pounds: and therefore I have it among my extraordinaries: but we had a neck of mutton drest *à la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat: and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have *MD's* third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for *MD's* third too: and yet I would have it to say, that I writ five for two. I am not fond at all of *St. James's Coffee-house*, as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr. *Garth* to dine with *Charles Main*, near *The Tower*, who has an employment there: he is of *Ireland*; the bishop of *Clogher* knows him well: an honest good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laughter, mightily beloved by the men of wit: his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so, good night, &c.

9. I dined to-day at sir *John Stanley's*; my lady *Stanley* is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the bishop of *Killala* has in *Ireland*. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to *MD* when I come back: they know every thing of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern: oh, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at *Harley's*,
and

will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop: faith, it is true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with *Harley*: and, faith, young women, I'll tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor *MD*'s letter was lying so huddled up among papers, I could not find it: I mean poor *Presto*'s letter. Well, I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bell-man. I am to dine again there on *Sunday* next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my 6th to *MD* as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith! Methinks I don't write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever blefs you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I'll go reckon the lines on the other sides. I've reckoned them 9.

9 Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very small hand.

L E T T E R S VI.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

SO, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, who presented me to the attorney-general sir *Simon Harcourt*, with much compliment on all sides, &c. *Harley* told me, "He had shewn my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily;" and he desires me to dine with him again on *Sunday*, when he promises to settle it with her majesty, before she names a governor: and I protest I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time; for he loves the church. This is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and, besides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop, I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. *Harley* said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that, before this goes, I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical *Description of a shower in London*, and will send it to the *Tatler*. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head,

* Printed in the *Tatler*, No 238; and in *Swift's Works*, vol. VI. p. 36. N.

will you, when you go to Mrs. *Walls*, contrive to know whether Mrs. *Wesley* be in town and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town. I write to her from *Chester*, to know what I should do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me: so I must go to my business, &c.

11. To-day at last I dined with lord *Montrath*, and carried lord *Mountjoy* and sir *Andrew Fountain* with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half crowns; and sir *Andrew Fountain* won eight guineas of Mr. *Coote*: so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and *Patrick*, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I pickt off the coals before I went to-bed. It is a sign *London* is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smook in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing at ombre? But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. *Manley*, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. *Garth* and Mr. *Addison*, at the *Devil* tavern by *Temple-bar*, and *Garth* treated; and it is well I dine every day,

day, else I should be longer making out my letters : for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the *Tories* carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. *Addison's* election has passed easy and undisputed ; and, I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at *Colchester* : one captain *Lavallin*, coming from *Flanders* or *Spain*, found his wife with child by a clerk of *Doctors Commons*, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornications : and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of *Dyet's* counterfeiting the stamp-paper. *Lavallin* has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk, to kill him ; but the fellow was constantly employed at the *Treasury*, about the discovery he made : the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alledging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses ; but the other day somebody told *Lavallin*, his wife had intrigues before he married her : upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword ; and, to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours, but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the *Shower*, all but the beginning ; and am going on with my *Tatler*. They have fixt about fifty things on me since I came : I have printed but three. One advantage

vantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I shall remember not to write the same things twice; and yet, I fear, I have done it often already: but I will mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against *Presto* comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear sometimes from sawcy *MD*; but do not hurt your eyes, *Stella*, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall *Presto* do for prittle-prattle, to entertain *MD*? The talk now grows fresher of the duke of *Ormond* for *Ireland*; though Mr. *Addison* says, he hears it will be in commission, and lord *Galloway* one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I do not care two-pence whether it be or no.
 —At night. To-day I was all about *St. Paul's*, and up at the top like a fool, with fir *Andrew Fountain* and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me, unconfidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one *Harrison*, a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good-nature; has written

some mighty pretty things ; that in your 6th *Miscellanea*, about the *Sprig of an Orange*, is his : he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of *Queensberry's* sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. *Henley* is a great crony of his : they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and he always makes the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night : I absolutely refused, and made *Harrison* lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes ; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord *Halifax* is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire ; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story ? But I am vexed at the heart ; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him : he is a *Whig*, and I will put him upon some of my cast *Whigs* ; for I have done with them ; and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for *London* above all places, and they have lost three in the four. Sir *Richard Onslow*, we hear, has lost for *Surrey* ; and they are overthrown in most places. Looke, gentlewomen, if I write long letters, I must write you news
and

and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the *Shower in London* I have sent to the *Tatler*, and you may see them in *Ireland*. I fancy you will smother me in the *Tatler* I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from sir *Matthew Dudley*, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary, I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows [Is the *Devil* in you? *Oct.* 13, 1710.] I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here is enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper^s, or what? I do not remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamt of *Stella*, &c. so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean *Bolton* and *Sterne* go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I know not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixt with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how: and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—At night. Mr. *Addison* and I dined with *Ned Southwell*, and walked in the *Park*; and at the *Coffee-house* I found a letter from the bishop of *Clogher*, and a packet from *MD*. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up *MD's*,

^s The upper part of the letter was a little besmeared with some such stuff; the mark is still on it.

46 LETTERS TO STELLA.

and visited a lady just come to town; and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find *MD* well, and happy, and merry, and that they love *Presto* as they do fires. Oh, I will not open it yet! yes I will! no I will not! I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over^t. What shall I do? My fingers itch; and now I have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment.—I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late, I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though---Pshaw, it is from sir *Andrew Fountain*. What, another! I fancy this is from *Mrs. Barton*; she told me, she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at *Dawson's* office at the *Castle*. I fear this is from *Patty Rolt*, by the scrawl. Well, I will read *MD's* letter. Ah, no; it is from poor lady *Berkeley*, to invite me to *Berkeley-castle* this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says, "she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery;" poor lady! Well, now I go to *MD's* letter: faith, it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, *N. 3*, that I have now received, is dated *Sept. 26*; and *Manley's* letter, that I had five days ago, was dated *Oct. 3*, that is a fortnight difference: I doubt it has lain in *Steele's* office,

^t That is, to the next page; for he is now within three lines of the bottom of the first.

and he forgot. Well, there is an end of that : he is turned out of his place ; and you must desire those who send me pacquets, to inclose them in a paper directed to Mr. *Addison*, at *St. James's Coffee-house* : not common letters, but pacquets : the bishop of *Clogher* may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad : flidikins, I have been the best boy in *Christendom*, and you come with your two eggs a penny.---Well ; but stay, I will look over my book : adad, I think there was a *chasm* between my *N. 2.* and *N. 3.* Faith, I will not promise to write to you every week ; but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it ; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough : and if you begin to take up the way of writing to *Presto*, only because it is *Tuesday*, a *Monday* bedad it will grow a task ; but write when you have a mind.---No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no---Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad ; no, poor *Stellakins*. Slids, I would the horse were in your --- chamber ! Have not I ordered *Parvisol* to obey your directions about him ? And have not I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him, if you will ? What do you trouble me about your horses for ? Have I any thing to do with them ? ---- Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business ? Revolutions to me in my business ? If it were not for the revolutions, I could do nothing at all ; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing ; but to-morrow I am to

48 LETTERS TO STELLA.

have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. *Harley's*; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about *Stella's* mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except sir *Andrew Fountain*: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly^t? That's he; but say nothing; it was only a little revenge. I will remember to bring it over. The bishop of *Clogher* has smacked my *Tatler*^u, about shortening of words, &c. But, God so^w! &c.

15. I will write plainer if I can remember it; for *Stella* must not spoil her eyes, and *Dingley* cannot read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. *Harley*: Mr. *Prior* dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has consented to give the *First Fruits* and *Twentieth Parts*, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person

^t Lord *Godolphin*. See above, p. 7. N.

^u No 230. printed in vol. XI. p. 47. N.

^w This appears to be an interjection of surprize at the length of his journal.

alive; for so I am ordered, till in publick: and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in lord *Peterborow*: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called *Sid Hamet*. Mr. *Harley* repeated part; and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord *Peterborow* would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. *Harley* bobbed me at every line, to take notice of the beauties. *Prior* railled lord *Peterborow* for author of them; and lord *Peterborow* said, he knew them to be his; and *Prior* then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in *Ireland*; yet here they run prodigiously. *Harley* presented me to lord president of *Scotland*, and Mr. *Benson*, lord of the treasury. *Prior* and I came away at nine, and sat at the *Smyrna* till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and *Patrick* before it, to Mr. *Harley*, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little baulkt; but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by next visit. I tipped his porter with half a crown; and so I am well there
for

50 LETTERS TO STELLA.

for a time at least. I dined at *Stratford's* in the city, and had *Burgundy* and *Tokay*: came back afoot like a scoundrel: then went with Mr. *Addison* and suppt with lord *Mountjoy*, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for *Stella*, and a little wooden box: and I have a great piece of *Brazil* tobacco for *Dingley*, and a bottle of palsy water for *Stella*: all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. *Sterne* has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box, directed to Mrs. *Curry's*, and sent by Dr. *Hawksbarw*, whom I have not seen; but *Sterne* has undertaken it. The chocolate is a present, madam, for *Stella*. Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to *Dingley*, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let *Dingley* write *Stella's* part, and *Stella* dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out; so it must stay till *Thursday*. I dined to-day with your Mr. *Sterne*, by invitation, and drank *Irish* wine^x; but, before we parted, there came in the prince of puppies, colonel *Edgworth*^y; so I went

^x Claret.

^y It is reported of this colonel *Ambrose Edgworth*, that he once made a visit to one of his brothers, who lived at the distance of about one day's journey from his house, and that he traveled to see him

went away. This day came out the *Tatler*, made up wholly of my *Shower*, and a preface to

him with his led horse, portmantuas, &c. As soon as he arrived at his brother's, the portmantuas were unpacked, and three suits of fine cloaths, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bed-chamber, together with his night-gown, and shaving-plate disposed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfast, with his boots on, his brother asked him where he proposed riding before dinner. I am going directly home, said the colonel. Lord! said his brother, I thought you intended to stay some time with us. No, replied the colonel, I cannot stay with you at present; I only just came to see you and my sister, and must return home this morning. And accordingly his cloaths, &c. were packed up; and off he went.

But what merit soever the colonel might have had to boast of, his son *Talbot Edgworth* excelled him by at least fifty bars length. *Talbot* never thought of any thing but fine cloaths, splendid furniture for his horse, and exciting, as he flattered himself, universal admiration. In these pursuits he expended his whole income, which, at best, was very inconsiderable: in other respects he cared not how he lived. To do him justice, he was an exceeding handsome fellow, well shaped, and of a good height, rather tall than of the middle size. He began very early in his life, even before he was of age, to shine forth in the world; and continued to blaze during the whole reign of *George the First*. He bethought himself very happily of one extravagance, well suited to his disposition: he

to it. They say it is the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the bishop of *Clogher* will shew it you. Pray tell me how you like it. *Tooke* is going on with my *Miscellany*. I would give a penny the letter to the bishop of *Killala* was in it: it would do him honour. Could not you contrive to say, you hear they are printing my *Things* together; and that you wish the bookfeller had that letter among the rest: but don't say any thing of it as from me. I forget whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I will send it next day. I am so vext that you should write your third to me, when you had but my second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all:

he insisted upon an exclusive right to one board at *Lucas's Coffee-house*, where he might walk backwards and forwards, and exhibit his person to the gaze of all beholders; in which particular he was indulged almost universally: but now and then some arch fellow would usurp on his privilege, take possession of the board, meet him, and dispute his right; and, when this happened to be the case, he would chafe, bluster, ask the gentleman his name, and immediately set him down in his table-book as a man that he would fight when he came to age. With regard to the female world, his common phrase was, *They may look and die*. In short, he was the jest of the men, and the contempt of the women.

and

and so I tell you, you are fawcy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with *Stratford* and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with *Hermitage* and *Tokay*, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog *Patrick* is abroad, and drinking, and I cannot get my night-gown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I have not time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. *Addison*, at a merchant's; and just now, at the *Coffee-house*, we have notice that the duke of *Ormond* was this day declared lord lieutenant at *Hampton-court*, in council. I have not seen Mr. *Harley* since; but hope the affair is done about *First Fruits*. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning; but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. *Sterne*, to send to you by some friend: I have directed it for Mr. *Curry*, at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my fixth, sent when I had but three of *MD's*: now I am beforehand, and will keep so; and God Almighty blefs dearest *MD*, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O Faith, I am undone ! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet ; but, since it is *MD*, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in my letter to-day where I had been, and how the day past ; and so, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr. *Lewis*, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. *Harley* ; and by and by comes up Mr. *Harley* himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and went to wait on the two lady *Butlers* ; but the porter answered, " They " were not at home : " the meaning was, the youngest, lady *Mary*, is to be married to-morrow to lord *Asburnham*, the best match now in *England*, twelve thousand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my *Shower* is liked in *Ireland* : I never knew any thing pass better here. I spent the evening with *Wortley Montague* and Mr. *Addison*, over a bottle of *Irish* wine. Do they know any thing in *Ireland* of my greatness among the *Tories* ? Every body reproaches me of it here ; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the *Rod of Sid Hamet* ? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly any body suspects me for them ; only they think nobody but *Prior* or I could write them.

them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a *Ballad* full of puns on the *Westminster Election*, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but *MD*. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got *MD*'s fourth to-day at the *Coffee-house*. God Almighty blefs poor, dear *Stella*, and her eyes and head! What shall we do to cure them? poor, dear life! Your disorders are a pull-back for your good qualities. Would to heaven I were this minute shaving your poor, dear head, either here or there! Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor any thing else; and I will write plainer for *Dingley* to read from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think whom I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. *Harley*, who presented me to the earl of *Sterling*, a *Scotch* lord; and in the evening came in lord *Peterborow*². I staid till

² “ Lord *Peterborow*'s wit is easy and unaffected. He had made a most considerable figure in his day. His character was amiable and uncommon. His life was a continued scene of variety. In his public and private conduct he differed from most men. He had visited all climates, but had staid in none. He was a citizen of the world. He conquered and maintained armies without money. His actions and expressions were peculiar to himself. He was of a
“ vivacity

till nine before Mr. *Harley* would let me go, or tell me any thing of my affair. He says, the queen has now granted the *First Fruits* and *Twentieth Parts*; but he will not give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in *Ireland* in form; and to take notice, "That it was done upon a memorial from me;" which, Mr. *Harley* tells me, he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. and I am to see him on *Tuesday*. I know not whether I told you, that, in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a year more, though it was not in my commission; but that, Mr. *Harley* says, cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it further: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the *First Fruits* being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never any thing was com-

"vivacity superior to all fatigue; and his courage
 "was beyond any conception of danger. He ve-
 "rified, in many instances, whatever has been
 "said of romantic heroes. He seems to have been
 "fixed only in his friendships and moral princi-
 "ples. He had a true regard and affection for
 "Swift and Pope. The Dean, in a short copy of
 "verses (vol. VII. p. 1.) has described him in a
 "very particular manner, but so justly, that the
 "four last stanzas will give a most perfect and
 "compleat idea of lord *Peterborough's* person and
 "military virtues." *Orrery's Remarks*, p. 136.
 See vol. XVIII. of this collection, p. 390. N.
 passed

passed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. *Harley*, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to shew the rascals of the other party, that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. The memorial given to the queen from me speaks with great plainness of lord *Wharton*. I believe this business is as important to you as the *Convocation* disputes from *Tisdall*^a. I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over; and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made

^a These words, notwithstanding their great obscurity at present, were very clear and intelligible to Mrs. *Johnson*: they referred to conversations, which passed between her and Dr. *Tisdall* seven or eight years before; when the doctor, who was not only a learned and faithful Divine, but a zealous Church-tory, frequently entertained her with convocation-disputes. This gentleman, in the years 1703 and 1704, paid his addresses to Mrs. *Johnson*. See the first three letters in vol. XIX. of this collection, especially the third letter, which at present wants some annotations, to clear up many obscurities. If the reader be curious in these matters, he may consult *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character, of Dr. Jonathan Swift*, chap. v. p. 87. printed by *Bathurst* in the year 1753; (where the above-mentioned letters are referred to), where he may see by what means the event of this courtship was finally determined.

known,

known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me, or no; for I am sure I have so much, that I will never take it upon me.— Insolent fluts! because I say *Dublin, Ireland*, therefore you must say *London, England*: that is *Stella's* malice^b. — Well, for that I will not answer your letter till to-morrow-day, and so and so: I will go write something else, and it will not be much: for it is late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. *Lewis*, the under-secretary to lord *Dartmouth*, two hours, talking politicks, and contriving to keep *Steele* in his office of stamp paper: he has lost his place of *Gazetteer*, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a *Tatler*, some months ago, against Mr. *Harley*, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and *Lewis* was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with *Steele*. Well; I dined with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. *Addison*, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found

^b There is a particular compliment to *Stella* couched in these words. *Stella* was herself an *Englishwoman*, born at *Richmond*, in *Surrey*: nevertheless, she respected the interest and the honour of *Ireland*, where she had lived for some years, with a generous, patriotic spirit.

Party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopt short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to *Steele*, and let them do as they will; but, if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience; and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good-night, &c.

23. I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither: do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from *MD* this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at *Molestworth's* the *Florence* envoy, then went to the coffee-house, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. *Addison*, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends; and friendships are all monsters, but *MD's*.

24. I forgot to tell you, that last night I went to Mr. *Harley's*, hoping----faith, I am blundering,

blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted: but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to-bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to-day at Sir *Matthew Dudley's*, with Mr. *Addison*, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the duke of *Ormond*; and, coming out, met lord *Berkeley of Stratton*, who told me, that Mrs. *Temple*, the widow, died last *Saturday*, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with *Addison* and *Steele*, and a sister of Mr. *Addison*, who is married to one Monfr. *Sartre*, a *Frenchman*, prebendary of *Westminster*, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked *Laracor* better. *Addison's* sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. *Congreve*, who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and, besides, he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as chearful as ever. He is younger by three years or more ^c than I;

^c *Congreve* was born in the year 1672; consequently he was between four and five years younger than Dr. *Swift*. He published seven dramatic pieces, and died in 1729. His Life is prefixed to his Works.

and

and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. *Morgan*; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipt, for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, "That I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all, &c." Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from *Parvisol*, with an account how my livings are set; and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly, "That he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter;" so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing that *Stella* must have her own horse, whether *Parvisol* will or no. So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and, it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the bishop of *Killala*, which, I suppose, was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, there is the short of it.---- As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean *Bolton* ^d paid him the twenty

^d This gentleman was afterwards promoted to the archbishoprick of *Cashell*. He was one of the most eloquent speakers of his time; and was a very learned man, especially in Church-history.

E pounds;

pounds ; and for the rest, he may kiss -----
 And that you may ask him, because I am in
 pain about it, that dean *Bolton* is such a *whip-*
ster. It is the most obliging thing in the
 world in dean *Sterne* to be so kind to you.
 I believe he knows it will please me, and
 makes up, that way, his other usage. No,
 we have had none of your snow, but a little
 one morning ; yet I think it was great snow
 for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard
 of *Will Crowe's* death before, but not the
 foolish circumstance that hastened his end.
 No, I have taken care that captain *Pratt* shall
 not suffer by lord *Anglesea's* death. I will try
 some contrivance to get a copy of my picture
 from *Jervas*. I will make Sir *Andrew*
Fountain buy one as for himself, and I will
 pay him again, and take it, that is, provided
 I have money to spare when I leave this.----
 Poor *John* ! is he gone ? and madam *Parvisol*
 has been in town ! Humm. Why, *Tighe* and
 I, when he comes, shall not take any notice
 of each other ; I would not do it much in
 this town, though we had not fallen out.----
 I was to-day at Mr. *Sterne's* lodging : he was
 not within ; and Mr. *Leigh* is not come to
 town ; but I will do *Dingley's* errand when I
 see him. What do I know whether china be
 dear or no ? I once took a fancy of resolving
 to grow mad for it, but now it is off ; I sup-
 pose I told you in some former letter. And so
 you only want some salad-dishes, and plates,
 and &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you
 have named as much as will cost five pounds.
 ----Now

----Now to *Stella's* little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to *Dingley*, and not strain your little, dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet; and, if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus [How do you do, Mrs. *Stella*?] That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open^e; and then *Dingley* may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be inclosed to Mr. *Addison*, at *St. James's Coffee-house*: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. *Harley*, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form.—Make two or three nutgalls, make two or three —galls, stop your receipt in your—I have no need on't. Here is a clutter! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower, a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long

^e It is actually better written, and in a plainer hand.

piece for one evening? I dined to-day with *Patty Rolt* at my cousin *Leach's*, with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints *The Postman*, oh hoo, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. *Baby Aires* of *Leicester*; and my cousin *Thomson* was with us: and my cousin *Leach* offers to bring me acquainted with the author of *The Postman*; and says, "He does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance; and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea." But I was modest, and said, "May be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance;" and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence with "Oh hoo," or as when little girls say, "I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some." It is plaguy twelve-penny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy *Bank Stock* with it, which is fallen near thirty *per cent.* and pays eight pounds *per cent.* and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God lady *Giffard* would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you, and take the five *per cent.* common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself,

myself, and take up what I have in *Ireland*; and I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I will pay him when I can get in my money. I hope *Stratford* will do me that kindness. I will ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. *Rowe* the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-secretary in Mr. *Addison's* place that he had in *England*,) and there was Mr. *Prior*; and they both fell commending my *Shower* beyond any thing that has been written of the kind: there never was such a *Shower* since *Danae's*, &c. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with *Rowe*; *Prior* could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where *Congreve*, Sir *Richard Temple*, *Eastcourt*, and *Charles Main*, were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we staid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well; I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. *Garth* and *Addison* and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. *Harley*, but he was denied, or not at home: so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited lord *Pembroke*, who is just come to town; and we were very merry talking of old things; and I hit him with one

pun. Then I went to see the ladies *Butler*, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them : so I sent them a threatening message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the *Coffee-house*, and *Ford* desired me to sit with him at next door ; which I did, like a fool, chatting till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money : the *Whigs* talk so, it would give one the spleen ; and I am afraid of meeting Mr. *Harley* out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again : it will ruin the Church and Clergy for ever ; but I hope for better. I will send this on *Tuesday*, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. *Addison* and I dined to-day with Lord *Mountjoy* ; which is all the adventures of this day.---I chatted a while to-night in the *Coffee-house*, this being a full night ; and now am come home, to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. *Long*, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell any body the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day ; and I have been walking, and visiting *Lewis*, and concerting where to see Mr. *Harley*. I have no news to send you. *Aire*, they say, is taken, though

though the *Whitehall* letters this morning say quite the contrary: it is good, if it be true. I dined with Mr. *Addison* and *Dick Stuart*, lord *Mountjoy's* brother; a treat of *Addison's*. They were half-fuddled, but not I; for I mixt water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bell-man, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little *MD* no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. *Brent*.

I am a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, firrah *Stella*. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly *D* is dry in the last line but one. Do not you see it? O Lord, I am loth to leave you, faith---but it must be so, till the next time. Pox take that *D*; I will blot it, to dry it.

L E T T E R VIII.

London, Oct. 31, 1710.

SO, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I past the day as
I told

I told you ; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you : and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. *Cockburn* to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year ; and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

Nov. 1. I wish *MD* a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day ; but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much ; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale ; but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. *Addison* at lord *Mountjoy's* : then went at five to see Mr. *Harley*, who could not see me for much company ; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on *Friday* ; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun again ; and then the duke of *Ormond* and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at six. and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the *Coffee-house*, which I grow weary of ; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of *Presto*, for fear little *MD* should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night.

to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. *Cockburn* to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr. *Ford* has been with me till just now, and it is near eleven. I have had no giddiness to-day. Mr. *Dopping* I have seen; and he tells me coldly, "my *Shower* is liked well enough;" there's your *Irish* judgement! I writ this post to the bishop of *Clogher*. It is now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I will allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? Does Mrs. *Walls* win constantly, as she used to do? And Mrs. *Stoyte*; I have not thought of her this long time: how does she? I find we have a cargo of *Irish* coming for *London*: I am sorry for it; but I never go near them. And *Tighe* is landed; but Mrs. *Wesley*, they say, is going home to her husband, like a fool. Well, little monkies mine, I must go write; and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write, after I have done; for, looking over thus much, I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little *Dingley* to read, for I think I mend: but methinks, when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a *PMD*^f. We

^f *PMD*. This cypher stands for *Presto*, *Stella*, and *Dingley*; as much as to say, it looks like us three quite retired from all the rest of the world.

have

have scurvy *Tatlers* of late : so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more : he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as ----- I never saw her since I came ; nor has he ever made me an invitation ; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless *Tisdall* & fellow, that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit ? for he is the worst company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content.-----
 At night in bed. Stay, let me see where's this letter to *MD* among these papers ? Oh ! here. Well, I will go on now ; but I am very busy (smoak the new pen). I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, and am invited there again on *Sunday*. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbishop of *Dublin*, that the queen has granted the *First Fruits* ; but they are to take no notice of it, till a letter is sent them by the queen's orders from lord *Dartmouth*, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation, to dispose of the revenue, &c. ; and I shall write to the archbishop of *Dublin* to-morrow (I have had no giddiness to-day). I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here ; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If dispatch be used, it may be done in six weeks ; but I cannot judge. They

& See the note on p. 57.

sent

sent me to-day a new commission, signed by the primate and archbishop of *Dublin*^h; and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a---- for it all. The thing is done. and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter from the bishop of *Clogher*, who complains of my not writing; and, what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? It is not right, faith: but I will not be angry with *MD* at distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his; and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that lord and lady *Mountjoy* put him off upon me, to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called *MD*, and it was *N. 5*; which I shall not answer to-night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put *MD's* commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glaſſes and spectacles and spectacle cases. I have no commission from *Stella*, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. *Sterne*, two or three times to know; but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I must go write and do business.

^h See vol. XIX, p. 64. N.

4. I dined to-day at *Kensington*, with *Addison*, *Steele*, &c. came home, and writ a short letter to the archbishop of *Dublin*ⁱ, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the *Coffee-house*, for I staid at *Kensington* till nine, and am plaguy weary; for colonel *Proud* was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him again; and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. *Harley* from dinner to seven this night, and went to the *Coffee-house*, where Dr. *D'Avenant* would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. *Chamberlain*; but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company; and though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that *Chamberlain* was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: so he, and the comptroller, and I, were prevailed on, by sir *Matthew Dudley*, to go to his house, where I staid till twelve, and left them. *D'Avenant* has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called, *The third part of Tom Double*; to make his court to the *Tories*, whom he had left.

ⁱ This letter is printed in vol. XIV. p. 71. N. 6. I

6. I was to-day gambling in the city to see *Patty Rolt*, who is going to *Kingston*, where she lodges; but, to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged: for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in *Dublin*. I won't answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from *MD*: it would be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as *MD* does from *Presto*. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that is certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering-night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at sir *Richard Temple's*, with *Congreve*, *Vanbrugh*, lieutenant general *Farington*, &c. *Vanbrugh*, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those *Verses on his house*^k; but we were very civil and cold. Lady *Marlborough* used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a *Thanksgiving-day*, and I was at Court, where the queen passed us by with all *Tories* about her; not one *Whig*: *Buckingham*, *Rochester*, *Leeds*, *Shrewsbury*, *Berkeley of Stratton*, lord keeper *Harcourt*, Mr. *Harley*, lord *Pembroke*, &c. and I have seen her without one *Tory*. The queen made me a curtsy, and said, in a sort of familiar way to *Presto*, How

^k "The History of *Vanbrugh's House*," printed in the *Dean's Works*, vol. VI. p. 72. N.

does MD? I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the *Whigs* at Court; but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here is ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's fifth; but first you must know I dined at the *Portugal* envoy's to-day, with *Addison*, *Vanbrugh*, admiral *Wager*, sir *Richard Temple*, *Methuen*, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fire-place in my bed-chamber; but it is very warm weather when one is in bed. Your fine cap, madam *Dingley*, is too little, and too hot: I will have that furr taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the furr? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, it will do without it: else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? Well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for *Stella's* eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you writ too much at a time: better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *Wiggs* that think I am turned *Tory*? Do you mean *Whigs*? Which *Wiggs* and *wat* do you mean? I know nothing of *Raymond*, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. [Pray remember *Morgan*.] *Raymond* is indeed like

to have much influence over me in *London*, and to share much of my conversation. I shall, no doubt, introduce him to *Harley*, and lord keeper, and the secretary of state. The *Tatler* upon *Milton's Spear* is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there was betwixt you and your judgement! In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about *style*, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine—and I defy mankind, if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in *London*, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guess it to be mine. Could you have guess the *Shower in Town* to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went? but I suppose you in *Ireland* did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon; only *Harley* said, “he smoaked me;” (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. It is called *The Rod of Sid Hamet*. And I have written several other things that I hear commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you again. What do you mean, *That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?* I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do. What do you mean, *firrah?* Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings a week for my lodging; for I am almost st—k out of this with the sink, and it helps me to

verses in my *Shower*. Well, madam *Dingley*, what say you to the world to come? What *Ballad*? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back: patience is a gay thing as, &c. I hear nothing of lord *Mountjoy's* coming for *Ireland*. When is *Stella's Birth-day*? in *March*? Lord blefs me, my turn at *Christ-Church*; it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? Would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of *Latin*, *Johnsonibus atque*, that is the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? It was you betrayed me: not I, faith; I will not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose; for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to lady *Giffard*, to put some money for you in the *Bank*, which was then fallen thirty *per cent*. Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in *Ireland*, and much securer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing, by this fall of stocks. It is rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. *Raymond*, you say, is with child:

child : I am sorry for it ; and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr. *Harley* speaks all the kind things to me in the world ; and, I believe, would serve me, if I were to stay here ; but I reckon in time the duke of *Ormond* may give me some addition to *Laracor*. Why should the *Whigs* think I came to *England* to leave them ? Sure my journey was no secret. I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the Devil cares what they think ? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all ? Rot them, for ungrateful dogs ; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the *Whigs* ; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the bishop of *Killala's* ; but I will not write to him, I have not time. What do you mean by my fourth, madam *Dinglibus* ? Does not *Stella* say you have had my fifth, goody Blunder ? You frightened me till I lookt back. Well, this is enough for one night. (Pray give my humble service to Mrs. *Stoyte* and her sister, *Kate* is it, or *Sarah* ? I have forgot her name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs *Walls* and the archdeacon) send this to-morrow : no, faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I will keep it till *Saturday*, though I write no more. But what if a letter from *MD* should come in the mean time ? Why then I would only say, Madam, I have

received your fixth letter; your most humble servant to command, *Presto*; and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of *MD*.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full? Have not you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was to see Mr. *Lewis* this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. secretary *St. John*; and I must contrive to see *Harley* soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to-day at lord *Montrath's*, with lord *Mountjoy*, &c.; but the wine was not good, so I came away, stayed at the *Coffee-house* till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half-bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. It is mighty warm; yet I fear I should catch cold this wet weather, if I sat an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because *MD* is not here to take care of *Presto*; and I am full of business, writing, &c. and do not care for the *Coffee-house*; and so this serves for all together, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but *Presto* is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often; but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on *Saturday* it shall go;

go; so I must leave something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart! If it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost! I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for night, good night; but when I am taking leave, I cannot leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to-day at lady *Lucy's*, where they ran down my *Shower*; and said, "*Sid Hamet* was the filliest poem they ever read;" and told *Prior* so, whom they thought to be author of it. Do not you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and, besides, I do not like women so much as I did. [*MD*, you must know, are not women.] I supped to-night at *Addison's*, with *Garth*, *Steele*, and Mr. *Dopping*; and am come home late. *Lewis* has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. secretary *St. John's* appointment. I had a letter just now from *Raymond*, who is at *Bristol*, and says, "he will be at *London* in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am:" but that must not be. I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure, I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine; and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger! Paaast twelvve o'clock, and so good night, &c. Oh! but I forgot,

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Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says, "He has brought *Dingley's* things, and will send them with the first convenience." My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for *Ireland* in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because—what, because of the archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin my ninth.

11. Morning by candlelight. You must know that I am in my night-gown every morning between six and seven, and *Patrick* is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear *MD* for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest *MD*. Farewel, &c.

This letter is as long as a sermon, faith.

L E T T E R IX.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state Mr. *St. John*. Mr. *Harley* came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. *Lewis*, and Dr. *Freind* (that
writ

writ *Lord Peterborow's Actions in Spain*). I staid with them till just now between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bell-man, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. *Prior* came in after dinner; and, upon an occasion, he (the secretary) said, "The best thing I ever read is not yours, but Dr. *Swift's* on *Vanbrugh*;" which I do not reckon so very good neither. But *Prior* was damped, until I stuffed him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for sir *William Temple*, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the *Mall*, and frequents *St. James's Coffee-house*, and the *Chocolate-houses*; and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, "That Mr. *Harley* complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him." I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed, it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in *Ireland* hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home, I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot

come out in a morning, just as you said; and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon: for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterwards not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning, before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let lady *Giffard* know that she hears I am in town; and that she would go to see me, to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old *Beast's* humour. You know I cannot in honour see lady *Giffard*, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why, that is a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. It is this:

“If paper be thin,

“Ink will slip in;

“But, if it be thick,

“You may write with a stick.”

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. *Long*, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town¹, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! it is just such an alteration in life, as if *Presio* should be banished from *MD*, and condemned to converse with Mrs. *Raymond*. I dined to-day

¹ She was then at *Lynn* in *Norfolk*. See Vol. XXIII. Letter ii.

with *Ford*, fir *Richard Levinge*, &c. at a place where they board, hard-by. I was lazy, and not very well, fitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half-bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and it is late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen *Will Frankland's* child; and lady *Falconbridge* was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of *Oliver Cromwell*, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I staid till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was, to thank *Stratford* for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found *Bank Stock* was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in *Ireland*; and so I writ to Mr. *Stratford* in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in *Bank Stock*, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and, if it should rise or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I shewed my letter to one or two people who understand those things; and they said, "Money was so hard to be got here, that no man would do it for me." However, *Stratford*, who is the most generous man alive

has done it: but it costs one hundred pounds and a half, that is, ten shillings; so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell, it was one hundred and thirty pounds; and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother, to desire that lady *Giffard* would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother, she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money, take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and, when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security: and, if *Rathburn* (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct *Parvisol* accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaast twelvve o'clock. I must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little *Presto* leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too; and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor lost his senses, like *Will Crowe*? I forgot to tell *Dingley*, that I was yesterday at *Ludgate*, bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two.
This

This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, and came gravely home, after just visiting the *Coffee-house*. Sir *Richard Cox*, they say, is sure of going over lord chancellor, who is as arrant a puppy as ever ate bread: but the duke of *Ormond* has a natural affection to puppies; which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good-night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, secretary *St. John*, sir *Thomas Hanmer*, sir chancellor *Cox-comb*, &c. I attended the duke of *Ormond* with about fifty other *Irish* gentlemen at *Skinners-hall*, where the *Londonderry Society* laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the dessert laid in mighty figure. Sir *Richard Levinge* and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on: so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at *Ludgate* for *Dingley's* glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without *Stella's* permission; for I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no? It is not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a
more

86. LETTERS TO STELLA.

more exact fort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, firrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. *Manley*, who invited Mr. *Addison* and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. *Addison*, and loitered till nine in the *Coffee-house*, where I am hardly known, by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for *Trounce*; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good, lusty, fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from *MD* before I close up this? Mr. *Addison* and I meet a little seldom than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever, but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to *Lewis* at the secretary's office; where I saw and spoke to Mr. *Harley*, who promised, in a few days, to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of minding him of it, and raillied him, &c. which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. *Gore*, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance; and *Stratford* and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I staid late, drinking claret and burgundy; and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from
my

my own little *MD*; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with *Lewis* and *Prior* at an eating-house, but with *Lewis's* wine. *Lewis* went away, and *Prior* and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry, Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopt me in the *Pall-mall*, and asked my advice; said, "He had been to see the queen" (who was just come to town), and the "people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at *Court*, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c." and he desired my opinion, whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow." I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to go and wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required dispatch: and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the *Smyrna Coffee-house*, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he

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he should be offended ; for, beside his money, he said, he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early ; and so, madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to-day with poor lord *Mountjoy*, who is ill of the gout ; and this evening I christened our coffee-man *Elliot's* child, where the rogue had a most noble supper, and *Steele* and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch ; so that I am come home late, young women, and cannot stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with sir *Andrew Fountain* at his lodging, and then came home : a silly day !

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the secretary's office, and found Mr. *Harley*, with whom I dined ; and secretary *St. John*, &c. and *Harley* promised in a very few days to finish what remains of my business. *Prior* was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw *Stella's* mother this morning : she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to lady *Giffard* to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her : the bishop of *Clogher*, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter-security ; and it may be argued, that it will pass better to be in your hands than hers, in case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, " if you write, she will " second it ; " and you may write to your mother,

ther, and then it will come from her. She tells me, “ lady *Giffard* has a mind to see me, “ by her discourse ;” but I told her what to say, with a *vengeance*. She told lady *Giffard*, “ she was going to see me :” she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tiger ; and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with secretary *St. John* ; and lord *Dartmouth*, who is the other secretary, dined with us, and lord *Orrery* and *Prior*, &c. *Harley* called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner ; but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed till eight, and I called at the *Coffee-house*, and looked where the letters lie ; but no letter directed for Mr. *Presto* : at last I saw a letter to Mr. *Addison*, and it looked like a rogue’s hand ; so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself : so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear : well, and so I found one of them in *Dingley’s* hand, and the other in *Stella’s*, and the third in *Domville’s*. Well, so you shall hear. So, said I to myself, what now, two letters from *MD* together ? But I thought there was something in the wind ; so I opened one, and I opened the other ; and so you shall hear, one was from *Walls*. Well, but the other was from own dear *MD* ; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already ? Then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at
our

our house, faith.—Well, I will not answer your letter in this: no, faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well; but as to *Walls*, tell him (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. *Pratt's* losing his place: and while *Pratt* continues, *Clements* is in no danger; and I have already engaged lord *Hyde* he speaks of, for *Pratt* and twenty others; but, if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now have received. I writ last post to the bishop of *Clogher* again. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige *MD*. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives; and I beg you to walk when you can, for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confess. Ahhh, firrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. *Fenton* know, that the request she has made me in her letter I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed? *Cox* is not to be your chancellor: all joined against him, I have been supping with lord *Peterborow*

Peterborow at his house, with *Prior, Lewis,* and *Dr. Freind*. It is the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. *Dr. Raymond* is come to town: it is late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you, pretty management! *Ned Southwell* told me the other day, he had a letter from the bishops of *Ireland*, with an address to the duke of *Ormond*, to intercede with the queen, to take off the *First-Fruits*. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the bishop of *Kildare*, to call upon me for the papers, &c.; and I had last post one from the archbishop of *Dublin*, telling me the reason of this proceeding; "That, upon hearing the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant, they met; and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by the other party, &c. but desired that I would still solicit." Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from *Mr. Harley*, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but *Mr. Harley* ordered me to tell no person aliye. Some time after, he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the *First-Fruits*; and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from lord *Dartmouth*, secretary of state. So while their letter was on the road to the duke of *Ormond* and *Southwell*, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a
very

very warm answer to the archbishop immediately; and shewed my resentments, as I ought, against the bishops; only, in good manners, excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell *Southwell* so, that the queen had done it, &c.; for he said, "My lord duke would think of it some months hence, when he was going for *Ireland*;" and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done; and that Mr. *Harley* prevailed on the queen to do it, &c. as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride; and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. *Harley* had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a band-box full of small plum-cakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, "that I would take care to send the things, &c." but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, *firrahs*? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I am not vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr. *Harley* will think he has done me a favour; the duke of *Ormond*, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in *Ireland*,
that

that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of *First-Fruits*, dukes, *Harleys*, archbishops, and *Southwells*.

I have flipt off *Raymond* upon some of his countrymen, to shew him the town, &c. and I lend him *Patrick*. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given *Patrick* positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

L E T T E R X.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I WILL tell you something that's plaguy silly: I had forgot to say on the 23^d in my last, where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry, Pshah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the *Parliament* meet; but only saw a great crowd: and *Ford* and I went to see the tombs at *Westminster*, and fauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. *Bromley* is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente*: Do you understand those two words? And *Pompey*, colonel *Hill's* *Black*, designs to stand speaker for the footmen. I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to *Patrick* to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's speech,

speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I do not know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I do not know whether it will grow better or worse. What is that to you? I will not answer your letter to-night. I will keep you a little longer in suspense: I cannot send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for a breakfast, and so I will go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and staid within all this day in my night-gown, and dined on six-pennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to every body. Dr. *Raymond* called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, "How *Patrick* denied me, and whether he had the art of it?" So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him; otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me five pence, and smoakt his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my eighth is with you now, young women; and your seventh to me is somewhere in a post-boy's bag; and so go to your gang of deans, and *Stoytes*, and *Walls*, and lose your money; go, sauce-boxes: and so good night, and be happy, dear rogues. Oh, but your box was sent to Dr. *Hawksbarw* by *Sterne*, and you will have it with *Hawksbarw*, and spectacles, &c. &c.

27. To-

27. To-day Mr. *Harley* met me in the court of requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would tell the duke of *Ormond*, "the business" was done, and that he need not concern himself about it." So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last, how they sent an address to the duke of *Ormond*, and a letter to *Southwell*, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over: but they had not received my letter; though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that; and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled; and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love *Ireland* less than I did.

28. Lord *Halifax* sent to invite me to dinner; where I staid till six, and crost him in all his *Whig* talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a *Whig*. I had a letter to-day from the bishop of *Clogher*; but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the duke of *Ormond*. He says, I bid him read the *London Shaver*, and that you both swore it was *Shaver*, and not *Shower*. You all lie, and you are puppies, and cannot read *Presto's* hand.
The

The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the *Tatler's*.—I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance¹; else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than *Irisb* bishops do.

29. Now for your faucy good dear letter: let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with *Ford*, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve: so good night. I cannot write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To-day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. *Barton* alone; and fauntered at the *Coffee-house* till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I will answer your letter, fauce-box. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I will begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr. *Presto*; what can you say to *MD's* letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles—Why, I say I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within, that is by the bye.) Sure you do not deceive me, *Stella*, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. *Raymond* told me yesterday, that *Smyth* of the *Blind-Quay* had been telling Mr. *Leigh*, that he left you extremely ill; and in short,

¹ He was writing the *Examiner* at this time.

spoke so, that he almost put poor *Leigh* into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw *Smyth* in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, do not write, *Stella*, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, well in your eyes, and are sure it will not do you the least hurt. Or come, I will tell you what; you, mistress *Stella*, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes *Dingley* all together, and then *Stella* a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers *Presto*; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as your most humblecumdumble, or, &c. O Lord! does *Patrick* write word of my not coming till *spring*? Insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as *My Lord Mayor* said, No; if I thought my shirt knew, &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret); and soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer; for I hope the *first-fruit* business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others: but, according to the best judgement I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the publick; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a

G

word

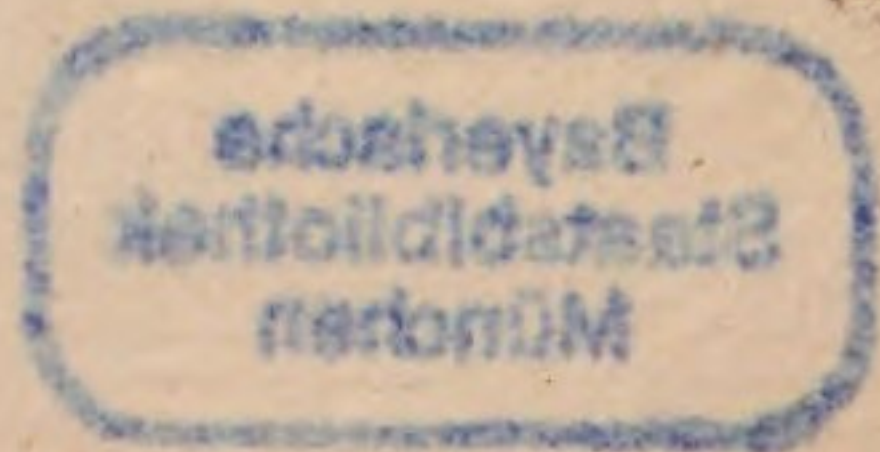
word of this to any alive.—Your chancellor? Why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot ^m. Ploughing? A pox plough them; they will plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay you the second so soon? Pray, be good huiwifes. Aye, well, and *Joe*, why, I had a letter lately from *Joe*, desiring I would take some care of their poor townⁿ, who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. *Raymond* would return answer; “That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatever personal kindness I could do to *Joe*, should be done.” Pray, when you happen to see *Joe*, tell him this, lest *Raymond* should have blundered or forgotten—Poor Mrs. *Wesley*!—Why, these *poligyes*^o for being

^m To make this intelligible, it is necessary to observe, that the words *this fortnight*, in the preceding sentence, were first written in what he calls their little language, and afterwards scratched out and written plain. It must be confessed this little language, which passed current between *Swift* and *Stella*, has occasioned infinite trouble in the revival of these papers.

ⁿ *Trim*.

• So written for *apologies*

abroad?



abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until *Stella* is quite well?—So, here is mistress *Stella* again, with her two eggs, &c. My *Shower* admired with YOU; why the bishop of *Clogher* says, he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the *Shower*. I suppose he means *The Morning*; but it is not half so good. I want your judgement of things, and not your country's. How does *MD* like it? and do they taste it *all*? &c. P I am glad dean *Bolton* has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the bishop of *Clogher* for writing to the archbishop of *Cashel*, without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a —; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. *Barton*. Unlucky fluttikin, what a word is there! Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no⁹, and it quite spoilt my imagination. Mrs. *Walls*, does *Stella* win as she pretends? No indeed, *doctor*; she loses always, and will play so *ventersomely*, how can she win? See here now; are not you an impudent lying slut? Do, open *Domvile's* letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; *Madam Stella*,

P He certainly means the ridicule of *triplets* in particular.

9 This jest is lost, whatever it was, for want of *MD's* letter.

100 LETTERS TO STELLA.

your humble servant^r. O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done so for two or three lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go straight.—Now, madam *Dingley*, I think I bid you tell Mr. *Walls*, “That, in case there be occasion, I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none” Yet I believe you will have a new *Parliament*; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the *Tatlers*. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the *Shilling*. Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals; and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day^s, and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little *Presto's birth-day*; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like *Sid Hamet's Rod*? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I will lay

^r Here he writ with his eyes shut; and the writing is somewhat crooked, although as well in other respects as if his eyes had been open.

^s St. *Andrew's* day. See an excellent poem on this occasion, vol. XVIII. p. 400. N.

me

me down to sleep, and about, fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wish *Smyth* were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor *Stella*, and was grieving and crying all night.—Pshoh, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good-morrow; and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you! The bishop of *Clogher's* letter is dated *Nov. 21.* He says, “you thought of going with him to *Clogher.*” I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and *Dingley* go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order.—At night. I was this morning to visit Mr. *Pratt*, who is come over with poor, sick lord *Shelburne*: they made me dine with them; and there I staid, like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord *Shelburne's* giddiness is turned into a colic, and he looks miserably.

2. *Steele*, the rogue, has done the imprudentest thing in the world: he said something in a *Tatler*, that we ought to use the word *Great-Britain*, and not *England*, in common conversation, as, *The finest lady in Great-Britain, &c.* Upon this, *Rowe*, *Prior*, and I, sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J. S. M. P. and N. R. the first letters of all our names. *Congreve* told me to-day, “he smokes it immediately.” *Congreve* and

I, and Sir *Charles Wager*, dined to-day at *Delaval's*, the *Portugal* envoy; and I staid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog *Patrick* is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him!—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I cannot nor will not read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I will leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or two.—Well, it is now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I will assure you), and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to *Presto* now he is a-bed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, it is a lie; I an't sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, *Stella*. No, faith, not I, he will grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made *Delaval* promise to send me some *Brazil* tobacco from *Portugal* for you, madam *Dingley*. I hope you will have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to these dear faucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home

come ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying, and a true one,

“Be you lords, or be you earls,

“You must write to naughty girls.”

I was to-day at *Court*, and saw *Raymond* among the *Beef-eaters*, staying to see the queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to *Court* again, to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir *John Stanley*; and then we went to visit lord *Mountjoy*, and just now left him; and it is near eleven at night, young women; and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and it is but eight days since the date, and do not think I will write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. Oh, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, &c.

“Two sides in a sheet,

“And one in a street.”

I think that is but a silly old saying; and so I will go to sleep, and do you so too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and then came home, and studied till eleven. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requests (we have had the Devil and all of rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner; and *Henley* made me go dine with him and one colonel *Brag* at a tavern, cost me money, faith. *Congreve* was to be there, but came not. I came with

with *Henley* to the *Coffee-house*, where lord *Salisbury* seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and, while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog *Henley* asked me aloud, “Whether I would go to see lord *Somers*, as I had promised” (which was a lie); and all to vex poor lord *Salisbury*, who is a high *Tory*. He played two or three other such tricks; and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. The other day I saw *Jack Temple* in the court of requests: it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatic^t aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. *Harley’s*, lord *Rochester’s*, and other *Tory* healths? Let me know; it was confidently said here.—The scoundrels! It shall not do, *Tom*.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder? harkee, young women, tell me that. *Saturday* next for certain, and not before: then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. *Congreve* and *Delaval* have at

^t The aldermen of *Dublin* were fanatical in those days; but, for these eight or ten years past, the Protestant party have so far prevailed, that they have kept out fanatics of all denominations, and seem determined never to admit one more into their body. [This note was written in 1767.]

last

last prevailed on sir *Godfrey Kneller* to intreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit.—It is such monstrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary *St. John* sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour *Ford*, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from *MD*, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, firrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings! O fye, O fye.

7. No, I will not send this letter to-day, nor till *Saturday*, faith; and I am so afraid of one from *MD* between this and that; if it comes, I will just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*, where were lord *Anglesea*, sir *Thomas Hanmer*, *Prior*, *Freind*, &c. and then made a debauch after nine at *Prior's* house, and have eaten cold pye, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I do not like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so good-night.

8. To-

8. To-day I dined with Mr. *Harley* and *Prior*; but Mr. *St. John* did not come, though he promised: he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is a damned, libelous pamphlet come out against lord *Wharton*, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent. It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemens lodgings, and I had one or two of them; but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at *Newcastle*. I begged Mr. *Harley* for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from *The Baltick* to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you are a faucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone; but I will not answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit; but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather, that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, *Ogle*, *South*, and *St. Quintain*; and that *Dick Stuart* and *Ludlow* will be two of the new ones. I am a little solliciting for another: it is poor lord *Abercorn*; but that is a secret; I mean, that I befriend him is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault

fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you do not go to *Clogher*, faith, I am; and so God Almighty protect poor, dear, dear, dear, dearest *MD*. Farewell till to-night. I will begin my eleventh to-night; so I am always writing to little *MD*.

L E T T E R XI.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

SO, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your seventh (faith, I am afraid I mistook, and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month). Well, I told you I dined with lord *Abercorn* to-day; and that is enough till bye and bye; for I must go write idle things; and twittle twattle. What is here to do with your little *MD's*? and so I put this by for a while. It is now late, and I can only say *MD* is a dear, faucy rogue, and what then? *Presto* loves them the better.

10. This son of a b— *Patrick* is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: it is now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet-boats is cast away. and young *Beau Swift* in it, and general *Sankey*: I know not the truth; you will before me. *Raymond* talks

talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to *Ireland*, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to-bed here. I think he is in the right; but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no relish for *London*; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some *Templars* from *Ireland* that shew him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning.—So, now the puppy is come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and fauce-boxes till I go to-bed; for I must go study, firrahs. Now I think of it, tell the bishop of *Clogher*, “He shall not cheat me of one inch of my *Bell Metal*.” You know it is nothing but to save the town money; and *Eniskilling* can afford it better than *Laracor*: he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c. as usual, and am now going to-bed; and I find this day’s article is long enough: so get you gone till to-morrow and then. I dined with sir *Matthew Dudley*.

11. I am come again as yesterday, and the puppy had again lockt up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I will go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say, it is a false report about the plague at *Newcastle*. I have no news to-day: I dined
with

with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and lady *Abercorn* is to buy me another, to see who does best: mine is all in rags. I saw the duke of *Richmond* yesterday at *Court* again; but would not speak to him: I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed; and it has rained all this evening, like wild-fire: have you so much rain in your town? *Raymond* was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of this ship-wreck; but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with sir *Robert Raymond*, the solicitor-general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness, by being recommended to your new lord-chancellor.—I had a letter from Mrs. *Long*, that has quite turned my stomach against her: no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country-town^u with vile conversation.—I will not answer your letter till I have leisure: so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy *Presto*?

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with *Lewis*, and in came lord *Rivers*; who took *Lewis* out and whispered him; and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c. so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with *Phil. Savage*^w and his *Irish Club*, at their boarding place; and,

^u *Lynn-Regis.*

^w Chancellor of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland*.

passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. *Addison* and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his *Parliament** and my different friendships keep us afunder. Sir *Matthew Dudley* turned away his butler yesterday morning; and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets: was not it an odd event? But what care you? But then I knew the butler.—Why, it seems your packet-boat is not lost: pshah, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it! But when must I answer this letter of our *MD's*? Here it is, it lies between this paper on the other side of the leaf: one of these odd-come-shortly's I will consider, and so good-night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapping with Lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* to see fights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havock making in the army: *Meredith*, *Maccartney*, and colonel *Honeywood*, are obliged to sell their commands at half-value, and leave the army, for drinking Destruction to the present ministry! and dressing up a hat on a stick, and calling it *Harley*; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin, wishing it were *Harley* himself; and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as enflaming their soldiers, and foreign ministers, against the late changes at Court. *Cadogan*

* i. e. his attendance in parliament.

has had a little paring: his mother told me yesterday, he had lost the place of envoy; but I hope they will go no further with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings.— Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time with writing to them in a morning; but, faith, I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; and so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word, for your life. How nowww? So, very well; stay till I come home, and then, perhaps, you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I cannot be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy, ugly day. I would have you send for *Walls*, and go to the dean's; but do not play small games when you lose. You will be ruined by *Manilio*, *Basto*, the *Queen*, and two small *Trumps*, in red. I confess it is a good hand against the player: but then there are *Spadilio*, *Punto*, the *King*, strong *Trumps*, against you, which, with one *Trump* more, are three tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your *Manilio*— Oh, silly, how I prate, and cannot get away from this *MD* in a morning! Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, *Patrick* locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, firrahs.—At night. Lady *Kerry*, Mrs. *Pratt*, Mrs. *Cadogan*, and I, in one coach; lady *Kerry's* son and his governor, and two gentlemen, in another; maids, and misses and little master (lord *Shelburne's* children), in a

third, all hackneys), set out at ten o'clock this morning from lord *Shelburne's* house in *Piccadilly* to *The Tower*, and saw all the fights, lions, &c.; then to *Bedlam*; then dined at the *Chop-house* behind the *Exchange*; then to *Gresham College* (but the keeper was not at home); and concluded the night at the *Puppet-show*, whence we came home safe at eight, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobbs (how do you call it?), undrest; and it was the rainiest day that ever dript; and I am weary; and it is now past eleven.

14. Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he: and what say you to Mrs. *MD* this morning fresh and fasting? Who dares think *MD* negligent? I allow them a fortnight; and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day; and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear *Stella*, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and keckt at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—Oh then, you kept *Presto's* little *Birthday*: would to God I had been with you! I forgot it, as I told you before. Rediculous, madam? I suppose you mean Radiculous: let me have no more of that; it is the author of the *y Atalantis's* spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can *Stella*

y Mrs. Manley; see p. 146.

read

read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty *Stella*.—It is well enough what you observe, That, if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; it is an alphabet you are used to: you know such a pot-hook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so and so.—I will swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a *Gasconnade* of yours, &c. I am talking of the bishop of *Clogher*, how he forgot. *Turn over*^z. I had not room on the other side to say that, so I did it on this: I fancy that is a good *Irisb* blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to *Clogher*, *nautinautinautideargirls*; I dare not say *nauti* without *dear*: O, faith, you govern me. But, seriously, I am sorry you do not go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make *Parvisol* get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours: prythee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart akes when I think you ride him. Order *Parvisol* to sell him, and that you are to return me the money; I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamt five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he cannot sell him, let him run this *Winter*. Faith, if I was near you, I

^z He seems to have written these words in a whim, for the sake of what follows.

would whip your—to some tune, for your grave, faucy answer about the dean and *Jonsonibus*; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? Very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the *Tatler* of the *Shilling* was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them, “I would do it no more.” This is a secret though, Madam *Stella*. You win eight shillings? you win eight fiddle-sticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women.—I hope *Manley* is in no great danger; for *Ned Southwell* is his friend, and so is sir *Thomas Frankland*; and his brother *John Manley* stands up heartily for him. On the other side, all the gentlemen of *Ireland* here are furiously against him. Now, Mistress *Dingley*, are not you an impudent flut, to expect a letter next packet from *Presto*, when you confess yourself that you had so lately two letters in four days? Unreasonable baggage! No, little *Dingley*, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle is out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let every body know, upon occasion, that Mr. *Harley* got the *First Fruits* from the queen for the clergy of *Ireland*, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at *Stoyte's*, and Mrs. *Stoyte* was in raptures that I re-
membered

membered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture.—But what now, you saucy fluts? all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings upon you, pray, good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the morning, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good-morrow, sirrahs, I will rise.—At night. I went to-day to the court of requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way), in hopes to dine with Mr. *Harley*: but lord *Dupplin*, his son-in-law, told me, he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite. Lord *Rivers* told me two days ago, “That he was resolved to come *Sunday* fortnight next, to hear me preach before the queen.” I assured him, “The day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it.” To-day the secretary told me, “That his father sir *Harry St. John* and lord *Rivers* were to be at *St. James’s* church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach:” so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. *Harley* and *St. John* are resolved I must preach before the queen; and the secretary of state has told me, he will give me three weeks warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. *St. John*, “You shall not be ex-

“cused:” however, I hope they will forget it; for if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily baulkt; for I shall preach plain honest stuff^a. I staid with *St. John* till eight, and then came home; and *Patrick* desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach, who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but *Mr. Addison* and *Sam Dopping*, to haul me out to supper, where I staid till twelve. If *Patrick* had been at home, I should have scaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as *Mr. Harley’s* porter.—Where did I leave off in *MD’s* letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, *Madam Dingley*, “That “those who go for *England* can never tell “when to come back.” Do you mean this as a reflection upon *Presto*, *Madam*? Sauce-boxes, I will come back as soon as I can, as hope saved, and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope *Hawksshaw* is in *Dublin* before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles: if you do not, you shall have better. I hope *Dingley’s* tobacco did not spoil *Stella’s* chocolate, and that all is safe: pray let me know. *Mr. Addison* and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship

^a The ministry never could prevail upon the doctor to preach before the queen.

will go off, by this damned business of party : he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry : but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet. — Huffy, *Stella*, you jest about poor *Congreve's* eyes ; you do so, huffy ; but I will bang your bones, faith. — Yes, *Steele* was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since. — Pox on your convocations, and your *Lamberts* ; they write with a vengeance ! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your *Irish* folks would not like my *Shower* ; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it) ; but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I do not know, this is not what I would say ; but I am so tosted with supper and stuff, that I cannot express myself — What you say of *Sid Hamet* is well enough ; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not ; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did you not tell *Griffyth* that you fancied there was something in it of my manner ; but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the scone that I mended ? Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. *Fenton*, to save her postage, and myself trouble ? and I hope I have done it, if you have not.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, firrah ! I

dined to-day with *Lewis* and *Ford*, whom I have brought acquainted. *Lewis* told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. *Harley* to save *Steele* his other employment, and have a little mercy on him; and I had been saying the same thing to *Lewis*, who is Mr. *Harley*'s chief favourite. *Lewis* tells Mr. *Harley* how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to *Steele*, &c. Mr. *Harley*, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints *Steele* a time to let him attend him, which *Steele* accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, fullness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe *Addison* hindered him out of meer spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at *Geneva*; and I will do it if I can; it is poor *Pastoral Philips*.

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at the other lodgings? Forgot it? Well; but pray remember it now, and do not roll it up, do ye hear; but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs and candles and mop-sticks will not spoil it, firrahs. No, truly, I will not be godfather to goody *Walls* this bout, and I hope she will have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. *Harley* gave me
a paper,

a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue ^b, and that *Ingoldsby* reprieved that part

^b An equestrian statue of king *William* the III^d, in *College-Green, Dublin*. It was common, in the days of party, for wild young students of the university of *Dublin* to play several tricks with this statue. Sometimes in their frolicks they would set a mawkin behind the effigies of the king; sometimes dress up the horse and rider with bows and sheaves of straw; but their infernal sin was that of whipping the truncheon out of the rider's hand, and thereby leaving the poor statue defenceless. For these and the like freaks, many young gentlemen were in former days expelled the university. But, in after-times, there was ample amends made to the statue for these affronts; if wheeling round its pedestal with all gravity and solemnity, then alighting from coaches, falling down upon the knees, and drinking to the glorious and immortal memory of the dead, with eyes lifted up to the statue, could express the gratitude and devotion of its adorers. It is said, that what originally gave the students offence, was the site of the statue; the front of it being directed to the city, and the back diametrically opposite to the great and beautiful entrance of the college; which is certainly a great deformity: and besides, it causes so very awkward an interruption in the passage to the university, and is generally so bedaubed with filth and dirt, that every man of taste would be glad it were removed either to *St. Stephen's Green*, the *Barracks*, or some other place, where it might shew to advantage. If that were done, how beautiful would appear the noble and majestic front of that learned university!

of it of standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your *Broderick* out; *Doyne* is to succeed him, and *Cox Doyne*. And so there is an end of your letter; it is all answered; and now I must go on upon my own stock. Go on, did I say? Why, I have written enough; but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith I dare not use you to it, you will always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I will rise for this morning. — At night. I dined with my opposite neighbour, *Darteneuf*; and I was soliciting this day, to present the bishop of *Clogher* Vice Chancellor^c; but it will not do; they are all set against him, and the duke of *Ormond*, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, do not stay out too late to-night, because it is *Saturday* night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to *Court*, to seek a dinner: but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the *Court* was thin, and I went to the *Coffee-house*; and Sir *Thomas Frankland* and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son *William*. I talked a great deal to Sir *Thomas* about *Manley*; and find he is his good friend, and so has *Ned Southwell* been, and I hope he will be safe, though all the *Irish* folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this

^c Of the University of *Dublin*.

morning

morning at *St. James's Church*; an abundance went, among the rest lord *Radnor*, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from *Hatton-Garden* at six, by moon-light, a delicate night. *Raymond* called at nine, but I was denied; and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty *MD*.

18. You will now have short days works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. *Harley* to-day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. *Cockburn*, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by *Dopping* and *Ford*, to drink bad claret and oranges; and we let *Raymond* come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear faucy *MD* good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the duke of *Buckingham*; but came too late: then I visited Mrs. *Barton*, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate

gratulate with lord *Shelburne*, for the death of poor lady *Shelburne* dowager; he was at his country-house; and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before fix, and find a packet from the bishop of *Clogher*, with one inclosed to the duke of *Ormond*, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from *Parvisol*; however, it is no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice-chancellorship to the archbishop of *Tuam*^d, and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly you know in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I write this while *Patrick* is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelve-pence a week); and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we will talk a few words more. Well; now *MD* is at my bed-side; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs. *Stoyte*? What had the dean for supper? How much did Mrs. *Walls* win? Poor lady *Shelburne*: well, go get you to bed, firrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and shaved by candle-light, and write this by the fire-side. Poor *Raymond* just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of *London*. I was a little melancholy to part with him; he goes to *Bristol*, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now

4 Dr. *Kesey*.

thinks

thinks of staying till *May*; so she must be brought to bed in *England*. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save *Patrick* some lies in a week; *Patrick* is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, firrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night,
And then I'll write,
In black and white,
By candle-light,
Of wax so bright,
It helps the sight —
A bite, a bite!

Marry come up, mistress *Boldface*.—At night. Dr. *Raymond* came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the court of requests, thinking to find Mr. *Harley* and dine with him, and refused *Henley*, and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met *Jemmy Leigh* by chance, and he was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodgings on a beef-steak, and drank your health; then left him and went to the tavern with *Ben Tooke* and *Portlack*, the duke of *Ormond's* secretary, drinking nasty white-wine till eleven. I am sick, and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast *Ferris*, lord *Berkeley's* steward formerly; I walkt with him a turn in the *Park*, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town,

town, and lives at his ease at *Hammersmith*. See your confounded sect!—Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. *Harley*; it was a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with *Stratford* at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as *Ferris*, I mean honest colonel *Caufield*, and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on *Saturday*, and so; but first I will wish you a merry *Christmas* and a happy *New-Year*, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. *Harley's Levee* on purpose to vex him; I will say, "I had no other way of seeing him," &c. *Patrick* says, it is a dark morning, and that the duke of *Argyle* is to be knighted to-day, the booby means installed at *Windsor*. But I must rise, for this is a shaving-day, and *Patrick* says, there is a good fire; I wish *MD* were by it, or I by *MD's*.—At night. I forgot to tell you, madam *Dingley*, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case: I am sorry I did not buy you such another case; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me; pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? *Leigh* says, he sent the petticoat by one Mr. *Spencer*. Pray have you no further commissions for me? I paid the glassman but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings,

shillings, and would have sent it home along with me; I thought the deuce was in the man: he said, "I could do him more service than that was worth, &c." I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to every body. — At night. I went to Mr. *Harley's Levee*; he came and asked me, what I had to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter; at five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr. *Harley*, "He had formerly presented me to sir *Simon Harcourt*, but now must to my lord keeper;" so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the *Coffee-house*; I will send and see by and by; and let you know, and so and so. *Patrick* goes to see for a letter: what will you say, Is there one from *MD* or no? No, I say; done for six pence. Why has the dean never once written to me? I won six pence; I won six pence; there is not one letter to *Presto*. Good morrow, dear sirrahs: *Stratford* and I dine to-day with lord *Mountjoy*. God Almighty preserve and bless you; farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord *Mountjoy's*; and am come to study; our news from *Spain* this post takes off some of our fears. The *Parliament* is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather till after the *Holy-days*. Bank stock is 105, so I may get 12*l.* for my bargain already.

ready. *Patrick* the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good night, little dears both, and be happy; and remember your poor *Presto*, that wants you fadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and do not keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we will talk of that some other time^e. Good night again, and God blefs dear *MD* with his best blessings, yes, yes, and *Dingley* and *Stella* and me too, &c.

Ask the bishop of *Clogher* about the pun I sent him of lord *Stawell's* brother; it will be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, beside all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There is a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. *Fenton*, who says you were with her; I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon, it is about some money in lady *Giffard's* hands.

They say you have had eight pacquets due to you; so pray, madams, do not blame *Presto*, but the *Wind*.

My humble service to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoyte*; I missed the former a good while.

^e Writing the *Examiner*.

LET.

L E T T E R . XII.

London, Dec. 23, 1710.

I HAVE sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and I told you I dined with *Stratford* at lord *Mountjoy's*, and I will tell you no more at present, guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty *First-Fruits*, I let them alone till Mr. *Harley* gets the queen's letter; but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me, while I am studying, and do not say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I will take you along, and talk with you a little while, so there, sit there.— Come then, let us see what we have to say to these faucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was any thing you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women; and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accompts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need
not

not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, do ye hear, little dear firraks, and love *Presto*, as *Presto* loves *MD*, &c.

24. You will have a merrier *Christmas-eve* than we here. I went up to *Court* before church; and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and, after words of course, asked me, "How the ladies did?" I asked, "What ladies?" He said, "Mrs. *Dingley* and Mrs. *Johnson*." "Very well," said I, "when I heard from them last: and pray when came you from thence, sir?" He said, "I never was in *Ireland*;" and just at that word lord *Winchelsea* comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out, I saw him again, and recollected him, it was *Vedeau* with a pox: I then went and made my apologies, that my head was full of something I had to say to lord *Winchelsea*, &c. and I asked after his wife, and so all was well; and he inquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in *Ireland*, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church, I went up to *Court* again, where sir *Edmond Bacon* told me the bad news from *Spain*, which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the court changed so in two hours. Lady *Mountjoy* carried me home to dinner, where I staid not long after, and came home early, and now

am got into bed, for you must always write to your *MDs* in bed, that is a maxim.

Mr. *White* and Mr. *Red*,
Write to *MD* when abed;
Mr. *Black* and Mr. *Brown*,
Write to *MD* when you're down;
Mr. *Oak* and Mr. *Willow*,
Write to *MD* on your pillow.—

What is this? faith, I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a thousand stinks in it. I think to leave it on *Thursday*, and lodge over the way. Faith, I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger, stay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtain, and that is all, though I cannot smoak it. *Presto* is plaguy silly to-night, an't he? Yes, and so he be. Aye, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I will venture; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry *Christmas*, and many, many a one with poor *Presto* at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten; then went to *Court* at two: it was a *Collar-day*, that is, when the knights of the Garter wear their collars;

collars; but the queen stayed so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour *Ford*, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a *Collar-day* all over *England* in every house, at least where there is *Brawn*: that is very well — I tell you a good pun; a fellow hard by pretends to cure *Agues*, and has set out a sign, and spells it *Egoes*; a gentleman and I observing it, said, “How does that fellow pretend to cure *Agues*?” I said, “I did not know; but I was sure it was not by a *Spell*.” That is admirable. And so you asked the bishop about that pun of lord *Starwell*’s brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and *Latin* ones too? Oh but you smoakt me, and did not ask the bishop. O but you are a fool, and you did. I met *Vedeau* again at *Court* to-day, and I observed he had a sword on; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commission, but I never asked him. *Vedeau* I think his name is, yet *Parvisol*’s man is *Vedel*, that is true. Bank stock will fall like stock-fish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got twelve pounds by my bargain; but I do not intend to sell, and in time it will rise. It is odd, that my lord *Peterborow* foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. *Harley*’s, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, “That *Stanhope* would lose *Spain* before *Christmas*; that he would venture his head upon it;” and gave us reasons; and though Mr. *Harley* argued the contrary, he

he still held to his opinion. I was telling my lord *Anglesea* this at *Court* this morning; and a gentleman by said, "He had heard my lord *Peterborow* affirm the same thing." I have heard wise folks say, "An ill tongue may do much." And it is an odd saying,

"Once I gueſt right,
 "And I got credit by't;
 "Thrice I gueſt wrong,
 "And I kept my credit on."

No, it is you are ſorry, not I.

26. By the lord *Harry*, I ſhall be undone here with *Chriſtmas* boxes. The rogues of the *Coffee-houſe* have raiſed their tax, every one giving a crown; and I gave mine for ſhame, beſides a great many half-crowns to great mens porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no leſs a man than the city printer. There is an intimacy between us, built upon reaſons that you ſhall know when I ſee you; but the rain caught me within twelve-penny length of home. I called at Mr. *Harley's*, who was not within, dropt my half-crown with his porter, drove to the *Coffee-houſe*, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the archbiſhop of *Dublin* and Mr. *Bernage*; the latter ſends me a melancholy account of lady *Shelburne's* death, and his own diſappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him, I will.

27. Morning. I beſpoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yeſterday to another; I gave him no earneſt,
 fo

so it seems he could do it; *Patrick* would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in *England*? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith, I dreamt mightily of *MD* last night; but so confused, I cannot tell a word. I have made *Ford* acquainted with *Lewis*; and to-day we dined together: in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a *Christmas* evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, that in merry times every body is abroad; where the duce are they? So I went to the *Coffee-house*, and talked with Mr. *Addison* an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I cannot answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls, an old saying and true.

Letters from *MDs*

Must not be answer'd in ten days:
it is but bad rhyme, &c.

28. To-day I had a message from sir *Thomas Hanmer*, to dine with him; the famous *Dr. Smallridge* was of the company; and we sat till six; and I came home to my new lodgings in *St. Alban-street*, where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use
of

of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir *Andrew Fountain* has been very ill this week; and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and, when I came out, the nurse asked me, "Whether I thought it possible he could live; for the doctors thought not." I said, "I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail" (and I found them in poor, dearest *Stella*, when she was ill many years ago); and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but, if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The secretary of state (*Mr. St. John*) sent to me to dine with him; *Mr. Harley* and lord *Peterborow* dined there too; and at night came lord *Rivers*. Lord *Peterborow* goes to *Vienna* in a day or two: he has promised to make me write to him. *Mr. Harley* went away at six; but we staid till seven. I took the secretary aside, and complained to him of *Mr. Harley*, "That he had got the queen to grant the *First Fruits*, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of *Ireland*; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c." He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on *Sunday* morning, and promises
 I me

me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine o'clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so good-night, &c.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you sauceboxes. Sir *Andrew Fountain*, they bring me word, is better. I will go rise, for my hands are itarving while I write in bed.

—Night. Now sir *Andrew Fountain* is recovering, he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me, he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my *quondam* neighbour *Ford* (do you know what *quondam* is, though?), and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on *Opera*-days. I came home at six, writ to the archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to *MD* these few lines, to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God *MD* is so too. I wonder I never write politicks to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter, N. 8. of *MD's*? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a *Monday* next. Cod's-so, is it? and so it is: never saw the like.—I made a pun the other day to *Ben Portlack* about a pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that is mine a—all over. Pray, pray, *Dingley*, let me go sleep; pray, pray, *Stella*, let me go slumber; and put out my wax-candle.

31. Morn-

31. Morning. It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing a-bed in my bed-chamber. It is not shaving-day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr. *St. John*; and to-morrow I will answer our *MD's* letter.

Would you answer *MD's* letter,
On *New-year's-day* you'll do it better;
For, when the year with *MD* 'gins,
It without *MD* never lins.

(These proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leaves off.)

But, if on *New-year* you write nones,
MD then will bang your bones.

But *Patrick* says I must rise.—Night. I was early this morning with secretary *St. John*, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the *First Fruits*, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me, "He had been with the duke of *Marlborough*,
" who was lamenting his former wrong
" steps in joining with the *Whigs*, and said, he
" was worn out with age, fatigues, and mis-
" fortunes." I swear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as *Hell*, and ambitious as the *Prince* of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen, "He was neither covetous nor ambitious." She said, "If she could have conveniently
" turned about, she would have laughed, and

“could hardly forbear it in his face.” He felt in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smother the politics to *MD*! Well; but, if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. *Harley*, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. *Harley* made me read a paper of verses of *Prior*’s. I read them plain, without any fine manner; and *Prior* swore, “I should never read any of his” again; but he would be revenged, and read “some of mine as bad.” I excused myself, and said, “I was famous for reading verses” “the worst in the world^f; and that every” “body snatched them from me when I offered to begin.” So we laughed.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

Jan. 1. Morning. I wish my dearest, pretty *Dingley* and *Stella* a happy new-year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and *Fr*’s company. Faith, I did not know how to write *Fr*. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write *pdfr* g. *Patrick* wishes me a happy new-year,

^f Although it be said in jest, there is some truth in this.

^g *Presto.*

and

and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith it is cold. I was so politic last night with *MD*; never saw the like. Get the *Examiners*, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see sir *Andrew Fountain*; but perhaps to-night I may answer *MD's* letter: so good-morrow, my mistresses all, good-morrow.

I wish you both a merry New-year,
Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong
beer,

And me a share of your good cheer,
That I was there, or you were here;
And you're a little, faucy dear.

Good-morrow again, dear firrahs; one cannot rise for your play.—At night. I went this morning to visit lady *Kerry* and lord *Shelburne*; and they made me dine with them. Sir *Andrew Fountain* is better. And now let us come and see what this faucy, dear letter of *MD* says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it will not come out. Come out again, I say: so there. Here it is. What says *Presto* to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with *Presto*, madam *Stella*? You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth

when I receive your eighth. Do not you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? What say you to that? And so you kept *Presto's* little birth-day, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say *Amen* with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor *Presto* lives.

I cannot be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line, and now all is well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true;

“I hate all wind,

“Before and behind,

“From cheeks with eyes,

“Or from blind——.”

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that is a d—ned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Do not put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here: keep a little to possibilities. My lord *Hertford* would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, it is hard to break one's self of it. *Jemmy Leigh* talks of going over; but

quando? I do not know when he will go. O, now you have had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S——. Will nobody cut that D——y's throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say, she died with grief, partly, being forced to appear as a witness in *Court* about some squabble among their servants.——The bishop of *Clogher* shewed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say any thing. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? How durst you think so? Pox on your parliaments: the archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know any thing of it here. No, no, no more of your giddiness yet; thank you, *Stella*, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you, for your kindness to poor *Presto*. You write to lady *Giffard* and your mother upon what I advise when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low, that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when lady *Giffard* is abroad. Well, keep your *Rathburn* and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his

his houses to be flung down about the what do you call it.—Well, madam *Dingley*, I sent your inclosed to *Bristol*, but have not heard from *Raymond* since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelve pence a week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I will have one in my bed-chamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here? Have you forgot already?—Now you are at it again, silly *Stella*; why does your mother say, my candles are scandalous? They are good fixes in the pound, and she said, I was extravagant enough to burn them by day-light. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? The D— burst *Hawkshaw*. He told me, “He had not the box;” and the next day *Sterne* told me, “He had sent it a fortnight ago.” *Patrick* could not find him the other day, but he shall to-morrow: dear life and heart, do you tease me? does *Stella* tease *Presto*? That palsey-water was in the box; it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. *Leigh* was not in town then; or I would not have trusted it to *Sterne*, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I will never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teases me; how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? Sure I were a *Devil* if I did.——

See how far I am forced to stand from *Stella*, because
I am

I am afraid she thinks poor *Presto* has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to *Sterne*, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap; a new one lord *Herbert* bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about *Tatlers*: I did neither write that on *Noses* nor *Religion*, nor do I send him of late any hints at all. — Indeed, *Stella*, when I read your letter, I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought, through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to *Sterne*, for fear he should not be within. — And pray, pray, *Presto*, pray now do. — No, *Raymond* was not above four times with me while he staid, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. *Fenton*^h has written me another letter about some money of hers in lady *Giffard's* hands, that is intrusted to me by my mother, not to

^h Mrs. *Fenton* was sister to Dr. *Swift*.

come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and, if you will have them oftener, you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let *Parvisol* sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him; but, if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why do not you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the secretary of state, Mr. *St. John*; and he told me from Mr. *Harley*, "That the warrant was
 " now drawn, in order for a patent for the
 " *First Fruits*:" it must pass through several offices, and take up some time, because in things the queen gives they are always considerate; but "that, he assures me, it is
 " granted and done, and past all dispute,
 " and desires I will not be in any pain at
 " all." I will write again to the archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr. *Sterne*, who said, "He
 " would write to you to-night; and that the
 " box must be at *Chester*; and that some
 " friend of his goes very soon, and will carry
 " it over." I dined with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and at six went to *Darteneuf's* house to drink punch with him, and Mr. *Addison*, and little *Harrison*, a young poet, whose fortune I am making. *Steele* was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice; since I knew him, to any appointment. I
 staid

staid till past eleven, and am now in bed. *Steele's* last *Tatler* came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. *Addison* of it, who was surprized as much as I; but, to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull, and dry. To my knowledge, he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I will send this afterⁱ to-morrow: shall I before it is full, *Dingley*?

3. Lord *Peterborow* yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politicks: he desired me to dine with him to-day at *The Globe* in the *Strand*; he said, "He would shew me so clearly how to get *Spain*, "that I could not possibly doubt it." I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attornies and hang-dogs, signing of deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to *Vienna*. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of *Spain*; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir *Andrew Fountain's*, who mends much. I came home, and please you, at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

ⁱ *After* is interlined.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison. I do not know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon; and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of Sir *Andrew Fountain's* sickness I thought was of poor *Stella*. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to-day? With all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be *MD* are in haste to have a round dozen: and then how are you come up to me with your eighth, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. So, let me see whether I have any news to tell *MD*. They say, they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. *Atterbury*, we think, is to be dean of *Christ-church* in *Oxford*; but the *College* would rather have *Smallridge*—What's all this to you? What care you for *Atterburys* and *Smallridges*? No, you care for nothing but *Presto*, faith. So I will rise, and bid you farewell; yet I am loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but *Dingley* will have it so: “Yes,” says she, “make your journals shorter, and send them oftener;” and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too;

too; for this is clipt paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I will tell you a good thing I said to my lord *Carteret*. "So, says he, my lord — came up to me, and asked me, &c." "No, said I, my lord — never did, nor ever can come up to you." We all pun here sometimes. Lord *Carteret* set down *Prior* the other day in his chariot; and *Prior* thanked him for his *Charity*; that was fit for *Dilly*^k. I do not remember I heard one good one from the ministry; which is really a shame. *Henley* is gone to the country for *Christmas*. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the *Coffee-house*, and asking after me, desired lord *Herbert* to tell me, "I was a *Beast* for ever, after the order of *Melchisedec*." Did you ever read the *Scripture*? It is only changing the word *Priest* to *Beast*.—I think I am bewitched, to write so much in a morning to you, little *MD*. Let me go, will you? and I will come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I will not, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, do not smile at me, and say, "Pray, pray, *Preslo*, write a little more." Ah! you are a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but prythee turn about, and let me go, do; it is a good

^k *Dillon Ashe.*

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girl,

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girl, and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I am at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle, when I am up, to seal this; but I will fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoyte*.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I cannot see; but I will fold it up, and not look on it again.

L E T T E R XIII.

London, January 4, 1710-11.

I WAS going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th, with my own fair hands, into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress¹

¹ Mrs. *Manley*, writer of the *Atalantis*, and of *Lucius*, a well-received tragedy; who, for the sake of having her work printed correctly, had an apartment fitted up for her at the house of Mr. *Barber*, with whom she resided to the day of her death. Several political pieces of that day, which common fame ascribed to other pens, came wholly from this lady; who often shone in *The Examiner*, without the world knowing that she had any hand in it. N.

and

and a printer^m. I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got to bed; and, all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if *MD* had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him, the warrant was drawn for the *First Fruits*; and I told him, lord *Peterborow* was set out for his journey to *Vienna*; but, it seems, the lords have addressed to have him stay, to be examined about *Spanish* affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I writ to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. secretary *St. John* sent for me this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method. I called at Mr. *Ford's*, and desired him to lend me a shaving; and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here is an impertinence: sir *Andrew Fountain's* mother and sister are come above a hundred miles, from *Worcester*, to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday; and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said, what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him! I knew the mother; she is the greatest *Overdo* upon

^m Mr. *John Barber*; of whom see some farther particulars in vol. XXIII. Letter xxxviii, Jan. 15.

earth; and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till fir *Andrew* was in danger; and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel-rake: and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with *Ophy Butler* and his wife; and you supped with the dean, and lost two and twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs. *Walls* is brought-to-bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and, betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry: she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. Morning. I went last night to put some coals on my fire after *Patrick* was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to *Dingley*: it cost him six pence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him, there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. *Patrick* advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; shewed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel; and he will repent it. It is very cold this morning in bed; and I hear there is a good fire in the room without
(what

(what do you call it?), the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, firrahs, do so.—At night. I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr. *Prolocutor*, I think you call him, don't you? Why should not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little, black man, of pretty near fifty? Aye, the same. A good pleasant man? Aye, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interests? As well as any body. How comes it *MD* and I do not meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit? Do you know his lady? O Lord! ⁿ whom do you mean? I mean Dr. *Atterbury*, dean of *Carlisle* and *Prolocutor*. Pshaw, *Presto*, you are a fool: I thought you had meant our dean of *St. Patrick's*.—Silly, filly, filly, you are filly, both are filly, every kind of thing is filly. As I walked into the city, I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-shops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to *Bateman's* the book-feller, and laid out eight and forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of *Lucian* in *French* for our *Stella*, and so and so. Then I went to *Garraway's*, to meet *Stratford* and dine with him; but it was an

ⁿ Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's*, was not a married man; which seems to have been the cause of this surprize in *MD*.

idle day with the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: so I dined with *sir Thomas Frankland* at the post-office, and we drank your *Manley's* health. It was in a news-paper that he was turned out; but secretary *St. John* told me it was false: only that news-writer is a plaguy *Tory*. I have not seen one bit of *Christmas* merriment.

7. Morning. Your new lord chancellor sets out to-morrow for *Ireland*: I never saw him. He carries over one *Trap* a parson as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to *Ireland*. I never saw *Trap* neither. I met *Tighe* and your *Smyth* of *Lovet's* yesterday by *The Exchange*. *Tighe* and I took no notice of each other; but I stopped *Smyth*, and told him of the box that lies for you at *Chester*, because he says he goes very soon to *Ireland*, I think this week: and I will send this morning to *Sterne*, to take measures with *Smyth*; so good-morrow, firrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then said I, "No, no, indeed, *MD*, you must stay;" and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; bye and bye we shall talk more, so let me leave you: softly down, little paper, till then; so there—now to business; there, I say, get you gone; no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side—So—Now I am got into bed, I will

will talk with you. Mr. secretary *St. John* sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving, for fear of missing church. I went to *Court*, which is of late always very full; and young *Manley* and I dined at sir *Matthew Dudley's*.— I must talk politicks. I protest, I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The *Whigs*, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several *Virginia* ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry: and, if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the *parliament* may be chosen *Whig* or *Tory* as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the duke of *Marlborough*. The country members^o are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion, we have nothing to save us but a *Peace*; and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped; and then the *Whigs* will bawl what they would have done, had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare: and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the duke of *Marlborough*, who, as the *Whigs* give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid

^o Those were afterwards called *The October Club*.

aside a general who had been successful nine years together; whom the enemy so much dread; and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Mean time, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers.—Pshaw, what is all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politicks to you much easier than to any body alive? But I swear my head is full; and I wish I were at *Laracor*, with dear, charming *MD*, &c.

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from *MD*. (that word interlined is *morning*.) I find I have been writing state-affairs to *MD*. How do they relish it? Why, any thing that comes from *Presto* is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, *Presto*, I must tell you, you grow silly, says *Stella*. That is but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. secretary *St. John* this morning; but I am lazy, and will not go, because I had a letter from him yesterday,
to

to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid; but what care I?—Here has been Mrs. *South* with me, just come from fir *Andrew Fountain*, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up, and in the house; so there is a lurry. I gave Mrs. *South* half a pistole for a New-year's gift. So good-morrow, dears both, till anon.—At night. Lord! I have been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and, though I drank wine and water, I am so hot! Lady *Stanley* came to visit Mrs. *St. John*, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. *St. John*, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a secretary would let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him, “I was in love with his lady, and “it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c.?” But all would not do; so at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty *MDs*, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day *Ford* and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse; and he made me go to the tavern, and drink *Florence*, four and six pence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and passed an insipid day, and saw nobody, and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say,

but that it is a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from *MD*; but, if I have it time enough to answer here, it is well enough, otherwise woe betide you, faith. I will go to the toyman's, here just in *Pall-mall*, and he sells great hugeous battoons; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, *Dingley*? Yes, faith. Do not lose your money this *Christmas*.

10. I must go this morning to Mr. secretary *St. John*. I promised yesterday, but failed, so cannot write any more till night to poor, dear *MD*.—At night. O, faith, *Dingley*. I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from *Raymond* at *Bristol*, with six bottles of wine and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, “The carriage was paid;” but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about some things, that *Lucifer* could not understand him. This wine is to be drunk with *Harley's* brother and sir *Robert Raymond*, solicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on *Monday*; and *Raymond* says, “He is hasting to *Chester*, to go with him.”—I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for, when he left *London*, he had no thoughts of stirring till *Summer*. So I suppose he will be with you before this. *Ford* came and desired I would dine with him, because it was *Opera-day*; which I did, and sent excuses to lord *Shelburne*, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new *Tatler*, little *Harrison*, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, shewing me his first, which comes out on *Saturday*. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. secretary *St. John's* and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. *Harrison* has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and he made me promise to dine with him; which otherwise I would have done with Mr. *Harley*, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as school-boys on a holiday. *Harley* has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the *Whigs* will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like *Quakers* and *Fanatics*, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady *Marlborough* offers, "If they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence." The *Whigs* say, "The duke of *Marlborough* will serve no more;" but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven I were this minute with

MD at *Dublin*; for I am weary of politicks, that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord *Shelburne*; and to-day little *Harrison's* new *Tatler* came out: there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that, upon *Steele's* leaving off, there were two or three scrub *Tatlers* came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against *Harrison's*; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors. I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I will tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. *St. John* was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of something he would have written over his *summer-house*, and a gentleman gave him these verses;

From business and the noisy world retir'd,
Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fir'd;
Gently I wait the call of *Charon's* boat,
Still drinking like a fish, and — like a float.
He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest;
for he pretended to retire like a philosopher,
though he was but twenty-eight years old:
and I believe the thing was true: for he had
been a thorough rake. I think the three grave
lines

lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I will go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from *MD*; it is now nineteen days since I had the last: and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I will hasten it, and away it goes on *Tuesday*, by which time this side will be full. I will send it two days sooner on purpose out of spight; and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then it is too late, and I will so laugh, never saw the like! It is *Spring* with us already. I ate asparagus the other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir *Andrew Fountain* lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. *Ford*; he sometimes chuses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him; and at night I called at the *Coffee-house*, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly a while with Mr. *Addison*. All our friendship and dearneſs are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: the other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's; but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill; and I have used him too well, at least his friend *Steele*.

15. It

158 LETTERS TO STELLA.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone ! It was made by a *Leicester* lad, who married Mr. *Worrall's* daughter, where my mother lodged ; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, *London* lick-penny : I find it true. I have given *Harrison* hints for another *Tatler* to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste : I doubt he will not do. I dined with my friend *Lewis* of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do ; but before I begin, I must needs say something to *MD*, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from *MD*. I have got Mr. *Harley* to promise, that whatever changes are made in the council, the bishop of *Clogher* shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret ; but I know he has enemies ; and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might ; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and do not lose your money.

16. Morning. Faith, I will send this letter to-day to shame you, if I have not one from *MD* before night, that is certain. Will not you grumble for want of the third side, pray now ? Yes, I warrant you ; yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time ; when you be writing girls.—O faith, I think I will not stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry

it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-
 office as I come home at evening. I am going
 out early this morning.—*Patrick's* bills for
 coals and candles, &c. come sometimes to
 three shillings a week; I keep very good
 fires, though the weather be warm. *Ireland*
 will never be happy till you get small coal
 likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so
 cheap, so pretty, for lighting a fire. My ser-
 vice to Mrs. *Stoyte* and *Walls*; has she a boy
 or a girl? A girl, hum; and died in a week,
 humm; and was poor *Stella* forced to stand
 for godmother?—Let me know how accompts
 stand, that you may have your money betimes.
 There is four months for my lodging, that
 must be thought on too: and so go dine with
Manley, and lose your money, do, extrava-
 gant fluttikin, but do not fret.—It will be just
 three weeks when I have the next letter, that
 is to-morrow. Farewel, dearest beloved *MD*;
 and love poor, poor *Presto*, who has not had
 one happy day since he left you, as hope
 saved.—It is the last folly I will ever make,
 but I hope it will turn to some account. I
 have done more for these, and I think they are
 more honest than the last; however, I will not
 be disappointed. I would make *MD* and me
 easy; and I never desired more.—Farewell,
 &c. &c.

LETTER XIV.

London, Jan. 16, 1710-11.

O FAITH, young women, I have sent my letter N. 13. without one crumb of an answer to any of *MDs*, there is for you now; and yet *Presto* be not angry, faith; not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next *Irish* post, except he sees *MD's* little hand-writing in the glass-frame at the bar of *St. James's Coffee-house*, where *Presto* would never go but for that purpose. *Presto* is at home, God help him, every night from six till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives *Presto* any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest *MD*. I love the expectation of it; and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to *MD*, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: "Well," says you, "*Presto*, come, where have you been to-day?" "come, let us hear now." And so then I answer; "*Ford* and I were visiting Mr. *Lewis* and Mr. *Prior*; and *Prior* has given me a fine *Plautus*; and then *Ford* would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house,

“house, which I have not done five times
 “since I came here; and so I came home,
 “after visiting fir *Andrew Fountain's* mother
 “and sister, and fir *Andrew Fountain* is mend-
 “ing, though slowly.”

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I called at the *Coffee-house* for a letter from *MD*; so the man said, “He had given it to *Patrick*.” Then I went to the court of requests and treasury, to find Mr. *Harley*, and, after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I staid there till seven, then called at *Sterne's* and *Leigh's* to talk about your box, and to have it sent by *Smyth*; *Sterne* says, “He has been making inquiries, and
 “will set things right as soon as possible.” I suppose it lies at *Chester*, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little *Harrison* been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his *Tatler* is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin, his name is *Dryden Leach*; did you never hear of *Dryden Leach*, he that prints the *Post-man*? He acted *Oronooko*; he is in love with Miss *Crosse*.—Well, so I came home to read my letter from *Stella*, but the dog *Patrick* was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter; I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it, I found it written all in *French*, and subscribed *Bernage*: faith, I was ready to fling it at *Patrick's* head. *Bernage* tells me, “He had been to desire your recom-
 “mendation

“mendation to me, to make him a captain ;” and your cautious answer, “*That he had as much power with me as you,*” was a notable one ; if you were here, I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. *Bernage* should let me know where to write to him ; this is the second letter I have had without any direction ; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that, if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to *George Granville*, secretary at war, to make him a captain ; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and do not trouble me with his letters, when I expect them from *MD* ; do you hear, young women ? write to *Presto*.

18. I was this morning with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and we were to dine at Mr. *Harley's* alone, about some business of importance ; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. *Harley's*, and thought to have been very wise ; but the deuce a bit, the company staid, and more came, and *Harley* went away at seven, and the secretary and I staid with the rest of the company till eleven ; I would then have had him come away ; but he was in for it ; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people ; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could
not

not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor *Masbam* who was with us. When I got home, I found a parcel directed to me; and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; it is against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a sawcy rogue for losing your money to-day at *Stoyte's*; to let that bungler beat you, fye, *Stella*, are not you ashamed. Well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kifs and be friends, firrah.—Come, let me go sleep, I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinkigg humour. So good night, *my own little dear sawcy insolent rogues*.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no, P faith, have not you. Well, when will this letter come from our *MD*? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes, faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old *Culpepper's* maxim:

P In that word (the seven last words of the sentence huddled into *one*) there were some puzzling characters.

“ Would

"Would you have a settled *bead*,

"You must early go to bed:

"I tell you, and I tell't again,

"You must be in bed at ten."

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to visit lady *Worsley*, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the *Park* to find Mr. *Ford*, whom I had promised to meet; and coming down the *Mall*, who should come towards me but *Patrick*, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Pshoh, said I; of the second, Pshoh again; of the third, Pshah, Pshah, Pshah; of the fourth, A Gad, A Gad, A Gad, I am in a rage; of the fifth and last, Ohooooa; aye marry this is something, this is our *MD*, so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus: "*Dear Presto*, We are even thus far." Now we are even, quoth *Stephen*, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I will reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did not you recant at the end of your letter, when you got my eleventh, tell me that, huzzies base? were we even then, were we, firrah? But I will not answer your letter now, I will keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and it is terrible cold, I dined with *Ford*, because it was his *Opera-day* and snowed, so I did not care to stir further. I will send to-morrow to *Smyth*.

21. Morning.

21. Morning. It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. "Is there a good fire, *Patrick*?" "Yes, sir." "Then I will rise; come, take away the candle." You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise; and, "*Patrick*, here, take away the candle." — At night. We are now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. It is a good proverb the *Devonshire* people have:

"Walk fast in snow,

"In frost walk slow;

"And still as you go,

"Tread on your toe.

"When frost and snow are both together,

"Sit by the fire, and spare shoe-leather."

I dined to-day with *Dr. Cockburn*, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of *Scots* with him.

22. Morning. Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth.—Do not you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn *Stella* out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry Uth, uth, uth? &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, firrahs.—At night.

I went

I went this morning to lady *Giffard's* house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsey-water, which I brought home in my pocket; and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. *Smyth*, who goes to-morrow for *Ireland*, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at *Chester* about the box. He was not within: so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send *Patrick* in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. *Stratford* and I dined to-day with Mr. *Stratford* in the city, by appointment; but I chose to walk there, for exercise in the frost. But the weather had given a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine.

And now I'm in bed,
To break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter.—At night. O faith, I was just going to answer some of our *MD's* letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and staid an hour; so I rose, and then came in *Ben Tooke*, and then I shaved and scribbled; and it was such a terrible day, I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. *Barton's*, and we went to lady *Worley's*, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of *Berkeley* is going to be married to lady *Louisa Lenox*, the duke of *Richmond's* daughter. I writ this night to
dean

Dean *Sterne*, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsey-water by *Smyth*; and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you have not letters fast enough, “surely we shall have your tenth⁹ ;” and yet, before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.—And why did not *MD* go into the country with the bishop of *Clogher*? faith, such a journey would have done you good; *Stella* should have rode, and *Dingley* gone in the coach. The bishop of *Kilmore* I know nothing of; he is old, and may dye; he lives in some obscure corner, for I never heard of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the *Whigs*, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except lord *Halifax*, and him very seldom; lord *Somers* never since the first visit, for he has been a false deceitful rascal. My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them, and besides my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done; and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps poor *MD* may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own.—Talk of a merry *Christmas* (why do you write it for

⁹ These are the words of *MD*.

then, young women? sawce for the goose is sawce for the gander) I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that Mr. *St. John* is going to *Holland*; he has no such thoughts, to quit the great station he is in; nor, if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politic madam *Stella*, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, madam *Dingley*, and so Mrs. *Stoyte* invites you, and so you stay at *Donnybrook*^r, and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals, from *Dec. 25*, to *Jan. 4th*. Well, *Smyth* and the palsey-water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. *Jesse's*, and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to *Stella's* mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosted, and so impatient, that *Stella* should have her water (I mean decently, do not be rogues), and so vexed with *Sterne's* carelessness.—Pray God, *Stella's* illness may not return! If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.—Leave a good deal of my tenth unanswered!—Impudent slut, when did you ever answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the D— to answer my let-

^r About a mile from *Dublin*.

ters : sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer ; but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha ! pretty answerers truly.—— As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr. *Presto* is said to write it, hear my answer. Fye, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you — I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so ; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to *St. Mary's* ^s so soon, you will be as poor as rats ; that place will drain you with a vengeance : besides, I would have you think of being in the country in *Summer*. Indeed, *Stella*, pippins produced plentifully ; *Parvisol* could not send from *Laracor* : there were about half a score, I would be glad to know whether they were good for any thing.—Mrs. *Walls* at *Dannybrook* with you ; why is not she brought to bed ? Well, well, well, *Dingley*, pray be satisfied ; you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's not offering you conveniencies for the journey ; and so he should.——What sort of *Christmas* ? Why I have had no *Christmas* at all ; and has it really been *Christmas* of late ? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catharine* ; and let *Catharine* get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her counte-

^s *MD's* lodgings opposite to *St. Mary's* church in *Stafford Street*.

L

nance ;

nance ; for all will go well — Mr. *Bernage*, Mr. *Bernage*, Mr. *Fiddlenage*, I have had three letters from him now successively ; he sends no directions, and how the D— shall I write to him ? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen *Stella's* hand at the bottom : his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying ? and if he be ordered to go to *Spain*, go he must, or else sell, and I believe one can hardly sell in such a juncture. If he had staid, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed ; although I have no credit that way, or very little : but, if the regiment goes, he ought to go too ; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving ; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do ? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him ; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, madam *Stella*, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you cannot read mine after bidding you good night. And yet methinks, I mend extremely in my writing ; but when *Stella's* eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever.— So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer ; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again.— So good morrow, Madams both, and I will go rise, for
I must

I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I do not know why.

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I passed my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to secretary *St. John* about some business; he had got a great *Whig* with him; a creature of the duke of *Marlborough*, who is a *Go-between* to make peace between the duke and the ministry; so he came out of his closet; and, after a few words, desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. *Lewis* staid till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two o'clock; so I came home, and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days that I could not write to *MD*. My head is not in order, and yet is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. *Cockburn*, and I have just done a box of pills; and to-day lady *Kerry* sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with *MD*; I long for *Spring* and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in *Ireland* keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats as I

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am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy*, yesterday at Mr. *Stone's* in the city, on *Sunday* at *Vanbomrigh's*, *Saturday* with *Ford*, and *Friday* I think at *Vanbomrigh's*; and that is all the journal I can send *MD*, for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but it is ten, and I will go to bed, and write on the other side to *Parvisol* to-morrow, and send it on *Thursday*; and so good night, my dears; and love *Presto*, and be healthy, and *Presto* will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, do ye hear, firrahs, and give Mrs. *Brent* hers, and keep yours till you see *Parvisol*, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity; and so God Almighty blefs you both, here and ever, and poor *Presto*.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay *Stella* six Fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, *Presto*,

Stella, Pray pay *Dingley* six Fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, *Presto*.

There are Bills of Exchange for you.

LET

L E T T E R XV.

London, Jan, 31, 1710-11.

I AM to send you my fourteenth to-morrow; but my head, having some little disorders, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. secretary *St. John* about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to *MD*. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a half-penny every half-sheet, which will utterly ruin *Grub-street*, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person; that was two of my businesses with the secretary, were they not worthy ones? It was *Ford's Birth-day*, and I refused the secretary, and dined with *Ford*. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the *Canal* and *Rosamond's Pond* full of the rabble sliding and with skates, if you know what those are. *Patrick's* bird's water freezes in the gally-pot, and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor lady *Kerry*, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter; and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; don't you know that, *Madam Stella*? Have not I seen you conning ailments with *Joe's* wife^t, and some others, firrah?

^t *Mrs. Beaumont.*

L 3

I walked

I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk, for we must take care of *Presto's* health; you know, because of poor little *MD*. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. *Ford* came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at *Bateman's*; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a *Strabo* and *Aristophanes*, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask of right *French* wine at *Ben Tooke's* chamber; and when I got home, Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her; I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. *Armstrong*, lady *Lucy's* sister, who, with *Moll Stanhope*, was visiting there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady *Lucy's*, where you know I have not been this long time; they are plaguy *Whigs*, especially the sister *Armstrong*, the most insupportable of all women, pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last *Examiner*, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry.—I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin *Dryden Leach* the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint,

complaint, that *Harrison* ^u the new *Tatler* had turned him off, and taken the last *Tatler's* printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered *Patrick* to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from *Harrison*, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his *Tatler* of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from *Morpheus* and *Lilly* to beg his pardon, &c. ^w And lastly, this morning *Ford* sent me two letters from the *Coffee-house* (where I hardly ever go) one from the archbishop of *Dublin*, and the other from ——— Who do you think the other was from?—I will tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little *MD, N. 10.* Oh, but will not answer it now, no, nooooooh, I will keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under; oh, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there: lie still, you shall not be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken lady *Kerry's* bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon.

^u See an account of this gentleman in vol. XIX. of this collection, N^o 76, p. 214. N.

^w See *The Tatler*, vol. V. No. 7. N.

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I went to Mr. *Addison's*, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks, we are grown common acquaintance; yet what have not I done for his friend *Steele*? Mr. *Harley* reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me he would be reconciled to *Steele*, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that *Steele* never came. *Harrison*, whom Mr. *Addison* recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented *Addison* himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before.—Well; he is now in my debt, and there is an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there is another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. *Harley*, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them.—*Patrick* has been out of favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him *Friend* three or four times. But, firrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to see *Prior*, who dines with me at Mr. *Harley's*; so I cannot stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and it is still terribly cold.—I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I would give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so
I will

I will rise and bid you good morrow, my ladies both, good morrow. Come, stand away, let me rise: *Patrick*, take away the candle. Is there a good fire?—So—up-a-dazy.—At night. Mr. *Harley* did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth I will chu c to visit him in the evenings, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the *Queen's Birth-day*, so much fine cloaths, and the *Court* so crowded that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on *Sunday*, and so continues, yet ice is still on the *Canal* (I did not mean that of *Laracor*, but *St. James's Park*) and boys sliding on it. Mr. *Ford* pressed me to dine with him in his chamber.—Did not I tell you *Patrick* has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to *Dingley*? It was very tame at first, and it is now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our *MD's* letter? One of these odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no further yet. Mr. *Harley* desired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends: and so I go to-bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. *Lewis* of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. *Harley*

Harley had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all intreaties, and have desired *Lewis* to go to him, and let him know I expect further satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I will not, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favour; and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said his truth, though it looks like jest; and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect further satisfaction. Mr. *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis*. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our *MD*, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. *I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs.* Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries every thing now-a-days, and what a splutter

splutter have I heard about the wit of that
 saying, repeated with admiration above a hun-
 dred times in half an hour! Pray read it over
 again this moment, and consider it. I think
 the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should
 not have remembered it if I had not heard it
 so often. Why—aye—You must know I
 dreamt it just now, and waked with it in my
 mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, firrahs?
 I met Mr. *Harley* in the court of requests,
 and he asked me how long I had learnt the
 trick of writing to myself? He had seen your
 letter through the glass-case at the *Coffee-*
house, and would swear it was my hand; and
 Mr. *Ford*, who took and sent it me, was of
 the mind. I remember others have formerly
 said so too. I think I was little *MD's* writ-
 ing-master^x.—But come, what is here to do,
 writing to young women in a morning? I
 have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my
 ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I will an-
 swer your letter to-night, perhaps I will not;
 that is as faucy little *Presto* takes the humour.
 —At night. I walked in the *Park* to-day in
 spite of the weather, as I do always when
 it does not actually rain. Do you know
 what? It has gone and done; we had a thaw
 for three days, then a monstrous dirt and
 snow, and now it freezes, like a pot-lid, upon
 our snow. I dined with lady *Betty Germaine*,

^x *Stella's* hand had a great deal of the air of the
 doctor's; but she writ more legible, and rather
 better.

the first time since I came for *England*; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bed-chamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious?—It has snowed all night, and rains this morning.—Come, where is *MD's* letter? Come, Mrs. *Letter*, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face.—Oh, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I am so afraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this; and I would always have one letter from *Presto* reading, one traveling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. *Curry*, at his house in *Capel-street*, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. *Raymond* in *Chester*, who says, “He sent his man every where, and “cannot find it;” and God knows whether Mr. *Smyth* will have better success. *Sterne* spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsey-water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. Oh, faith, you have too good an opinion of *Presto's* care. I am negligent enough of every

every thing but *MD*, and I should not have trusted *Sterne*.—But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it.—As to what you say of goodman *Peasly* and *Isaac*, I answer as I did before. Fye, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing: and afterwards, only for curiosity, you may tell me how these things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but do not keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little *MD* walk indeed?—I am glad of it at heart.—Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell, is admirable. You may see them all three here every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I will pay it, and never employ him or hers again.—No—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools.—The account you give of that weekly paper agrees with us here. Mr. *Prior* was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the au-

y *The Examiner*.

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thor of it; but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but those few in the secret, I suppose the ministry and the printer.—Poor *Stella's* eyes! God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a day in broad day-light. How does *Stella* look, madam *Dingley*? Pretty well, a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church?—Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent *Patrick* to *Sterne*: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. *Earl's* sister in *Chester*, and that colonel *Edgeworth's* widow goes for *Ireland* on *Monday* next, and will receive the box at *Chester*, and deliver it you safe: so there are some hopes now.—Well, let us go on to your letter.—The warrant is passed for the *First-Fruits*. The queen does not send a letter; but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. *Harley* of late has said nothing of presenting me to the queen:—I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropped it to you. What, is not Mrs. *Wall's* business over yet? I had hopes she was up and well, and the child dead before this time.—You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from *Hawkeshaw*: pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers; and
that,

that, when I say so, *Stella* will not think I intend ~~she~~ should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had staid till I came over, for some reasons. That *French-woman* will be grumbling again in a little time: and if you are invited any where to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor *Stella's* health: but do as you like, and do not blame *Presto*.—Oh, but you are telling your reasons.—Well, I have read them; do as you please.—Yes, *Raymond* says, he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. *M*—— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in *Spring*, and then goes to settle in *Herefordshire*. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see any body. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper² that made me mistake.—I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. *Bernage* must go to *Spain*; and I will see to recommend him to the duke of *Argyle*, his general, when I see the duke next: but the officers tell me, “it would be dishonourable” in the last degree for him to sell now, and “he would never be preferred in the army;” so that, unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said four-score times already. I had rather any thing almost than that you

² A crease in the sheet.

should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I will write when I can, and so shall *MD*; and upon occasions extraordinary I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that is settled for ever, and so hold your tongue.—Well, you shall have your pins; but for candles ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what *Stella* told *Dingley* about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me.—And *Dingley* shall have her hinged spectacles.—Poor dear *Stella*, how durst you write those two lines by candle-light? bang—your bones! Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that is too soon of all conscience: but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I do not design to use you to three pages in folio, no, noooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;—and so good morrow, little firrahs; that is for the rhyme^a. You want politicks: faith, I cannot think of any; but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you?—At night. I dined to-day with my neighbour *Vanbomrigh*; it was such dismal weather I could not stir further. I

^a In the original it was, good mallows, little sollabs. But in these words, and many others, he writes constantly *ll* for *rr*.

have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits. I still drink Dr. *Radcliffe's* bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of *Argyle* in behalf of *Bernage*. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell *Bernage* so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are in *Spain*; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal?—I now send away this letter, that you may not stay.—I dined with *Ford* upon his *Opera-day*, and am now come home, and am going to study; do not you presume to guess, firrahs, impudent faucy dear boxes. Towards the end of a letter I could not say faucy boxes without putting *dear* between. En't that right now? Farewel. *This should be longer, but that I send it to-night^b.*

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I send a letter this post to one Mr. *Staunton*, and I direct it to Mr. *Acton's* in *St. Michael's*

^b Those letters which are in *Italicks*, in the original are of a monstrous size, which occasioned his calling himself a loggerhead.

Lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that *Action*, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to *Staunton*.

If *Bernage* designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the duke of *Argyle* may not be in vain.

L E T T E R XVI.

London, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I HAVE just dispatched my fifteenth to the post; I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from *MD*. I am in furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of *MD*'s to answer in one of *Presto*'s, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but, before you write to me, I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you will have got your box and chocolate, and *Presto* will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I must rise and go see my lord keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Do not you call them two thirteens^c? — At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to Sir *Andrew Fountain* in the forenoon, and I

^c A shilling passes for thirteen pence in *Ireland*.

dined

dined with three *Irishmen*, at one Mr. *Cope's* lodgings; the other two were one *Morris* an archdeacon, and Mr. *Ford*. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes *Harrison* would have come to get help about his *Tatler* for *Tuesday*: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business.—Come, what are you doing? How do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose: fine diversions for young ladies, truly! I wish you had some of our *Seville* oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for two-pence apiece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me, wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hoghead when I get to *Ireland*, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I will treat *MD* at my table in an evening, oh ho, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, — be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*: I went to the court of requests at noon, and sent Mr. *Harley* into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke of *Argyle* was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out; then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke, which the

secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said, he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his grace will please to take Mr. *Bernage* into his protection; and if he finds *Bernage* answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel *Masbam* and colonel *Hill* (Mrs. *Masbam's* brother) tell me, "my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too:" so I reckon *Bernage* is on a very good foot when he goes to *Spain*. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left *Conolly's*.

13. I have left off lady *Kerry's* bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady *Kerry* is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at lord *Shelburne's*, where she is, and we conn ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. *Harley* into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within; I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor *Congreve*, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout; and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a *Tatler* he had written out, as blind as he is, for little *Harris*.

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worthless *Irish* fellow, was there, ready to dine with us; so I stept out, and whispered them, that I would not dine with that fellow: they made excuses, and begged me to stay; but away I went to Mr. *Harley's*, and he did not dine at home; and at last I dined at Sir *John Germaine's*, and found lady *Betty* but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for lord *Berkeley's* tomb^d; you know the young rake his son, the new earl, is married to the duke of *Richmond's* daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they will be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venturesome folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And so get you gone to *Stoyte* to-morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but slow; it is a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home; so I came back, and called at *Congreve's*, and dined with him and *Eastcourt*, and laughed till six; then went to Mr. *Harley's*, who was not gone to dinner; there I staid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (*Saturday*) that lord keeper and secretary *St. John* dine with him privately, and at last they have con-

^d This inscription is printed in vol. XIX. p. 76. N.

sented to let me among them on that day, *Atterbury* and *Prior* went to bury poor *Dr. Duke*. *Congreve's* nasty white wine has given me the heart-burn.

17. I took some good walks in the *Park* to-day, and then went to Mr. *Harley*. Lord *Rivers* was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord keeper and the secretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not: so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them, "I had no hopes
" they could ever keep in, but that I saw
" they loved one another so well, as indeed
" they seem to do." They call me nothing but *Jonathan*; and I said, "I believed they
" would leave me *Jonathan* as they found me;
" and that I never knew a ministry do any
" thing for those whom they make companions
" of their pleasures;" and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to any body; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest *MD*; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, firrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary *St. John* would needs have me dine with him to-day; and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early

and came home, it being no day to walk, but
 scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells
 me, "He has put a cheat on me; for lord *Pe-*
terborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of
Burgundy, on condition that I should have
 my share;" but he never was quiet till
 they were all gone, so I reckon he owes me
 thirty-six pounds. Lord *Peterborow* is now
 got to *Vienna*, and I must write to him to-
 morrow. I begin now to be towards looking
 for a letter from some certain ladies of *Presto's*
 acquaintance, that live at *St. Mary's*, and are
 called in a certain language our little *MD.*
 No, stay, I do not expect one these six days,
 that will be just three weeks; am not I a rea-
 sonable creature? We are plagued here with
 an *October-Club*, that is, a set of above a
 hundred parliament-men of the country, who
 drink *October* beer at home, and meet every
 evening at a tavern near the parliament, to
 consult affairs, and drive things on to ex-
 tremes against the *Whigs*, to call the old mi-
 nistry to account, and get off five or six heads.
 The ministry seem not to regard them; yet
 one of them in confidence told me, "That
 there must be something thought on, to
 settle things better." I will tell you one
 great state-secret: The queen, sensible how
 much she was governed by the late ministry,
 runs a little into the other extreme, and is
 jealous in that point, even of those who got
 her out of the others hands. The ministry
 is for gentler measures, and the other *Tories*
 for more violent. Lord *Rivers*, talking to
 me

me the other day, cursed the paper called *The Examiner*, for speaking civilly of the duke of *Marlborough*; this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore, "That, if their advice were followed, they" "would be blown up in twenty-four hours." And I have reason to think that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politicks.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour *Vanbomrigh*, where sir *Andrew Fountain* dined too, who has just began to fall out, and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the *Park*, till *Prior* made me go with him to the *Smyrna Coffee-house*, where I sat a while, and saw four or five *Irish* persons, who are very handsome, genteel fellows; but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to *Bernage*, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. *Curry's*, to be left with *Dingley*. Brigadiers *Hill* and *Masbam*, brother and husband to Mrs. *Masbam* the queen's favourite, colonel *Disney*, and I, have recommended *Bernage* to the duke of *Argyle*; and
secretary

secretary *St. John* has given the duke my memorial; and, besides, *Hill* tells me, "That *Bernage's* colonel, *Fielding*, designs to make him his captain-lieutenant:" but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter; but I will not look.

20. Morning. It snows terribly again; and it is mistaken, for I now want a little good weather. I bid you good-morrow; and, if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. *Walls*, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again; I am sorry it is a girl: the poor archdeacon too, see how simply he looked when they told him: what did it cost *Stella* to be gossip? I will rise; so, d'ye hear, let me see you at night; and do not stay late out, and catch cold, firrahs.—At night. It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with *Ford* upon his *Opera-day*; but, now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from *MD*, methinks there is—something great in doing so, only I cannot express where it lies; and, faith, this shall go by *Saturday*, as sure as you are a rogue. Mrs. *Edgworth* was to set out but last *Monday*; so you will not have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but *Sterne* told me since, "That it is safe at *Chester*, and that she will take care of it." I would give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith, I hope it will be fair, for me to walk into the city; for I take all occasions of walking.—I should be plaguy
busy

busy at *Laracor* if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If *Raymond* goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout-fishing; and that *Stella* may ride by, and see *Presto* in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with *Joe* to the *Hill of Bree*, and round by *Scurlock's Town*. O Lord, how I remember names! faith, it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that, if you love me. Good-morrow, I will go rise like a gentleman; my pills say I must.—At night. Lady *Kerry* sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house here: I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter; and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the *Park* after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy: Mr. *Prior* walks, to make himself fat; and I, to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold; we often round the *Park* together. So I will go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. *Lewis* of the secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall,

a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side-glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the *Park*, while they picked out the bits of glasses; and, when I paid them, I quarreled still; so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare; but I was plaguily afraid they would have said, "God bless your honour, will not you give us something for our glafs?" *Lewis* and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds; which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope *Smyth* has brought you your palsey-drops. How does *Stella* do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I will allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr. *Sterne* was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs. *Edgworth* is not yet set out, but will infallibly next *Monday*: and this is the third infallible *Monday*, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and, if I have one from *MD* in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, "Madam, I received your letter, and so, and so." I dined to-day with my mistress *Butler*, who grows very disagreeable.

24. Mon-

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you are alive, young women, and then you will be so shamed that I have had none from you; and, if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were fix letters before you, for this is *N. 16.* and I have had your *N. 10.* But I reckon you have received but fourteen, and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a minister-of-state-hunting in the court of requests; for I have something to say to Mr. *Harley.* And it is fine, cold, sunshiny weather: I wish dear *MD* would walk this morning in your *Stephen's Green*: it is as good as our *Park*, but not so large^e. Faith, this *Summer* we will take a coach for fixpence^f to the *Green Well*, the two walks, and thence all the way to *Stoyte's* *g.* My hearty service to goody *Stoyte* and *Catharine*; and I hope Mrs. *Walls* had a good time. How inconstant I am! I cannot imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I am going; what have you to say? *I do not care how I write now^h.* I do not design to write on this side; these few lines are but so

^e It is a measured mile round the outer wall; and far beyond any the finest *Square* in *London*.

^f The common fare for a set-down in *Dublin*.

^g Mrs. *Stoyte* lived at *Donnybrook*, the road to which from *Stephen's Green* ran into the country about a mile from the *Soath-East* corner.

^h Those words in *Italicks* are written in a very large hand, and so is the word *large* in the next page.

much more than your due; so I will write *large* or *small* as I please. Oh, faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good-bye, for I will seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewell.

This latter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I am sure, say you, with your two eggs a penny.

There, There, There!

O Lord, I am saying *There, There*, to myself, in all our little keys: and, now you talk of keys, that dog *Patrick* broke the key-general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, besides my good two shillings!

LETTER XVII.

London, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

NOW, young women, I gave in my fixteenth this evening. I dined with *Ford* (it was his *Opera-day*) as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the *Park*, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office; and he had forgot to give the memorial about *Bernage* to the duke

i In his Cypher-way of writing to *Stella*, he writes the word *There, Lelt.*

of

of *Argyle*; but, two days ago, I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe *Bernage* will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there is an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own *MD*, and hope to hear that *Stella* has been much better in her head and eyes: my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*, on condition I might chuse my company, which were lord *Rivers*, lord *Carteret*, Sir *Thomas Mansel*, and Mr. *Lewis*; I invited *Masbam*, *Hill*, Sir *John Stanley*, and *George Granville*, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before; so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of *Stella's* health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (say you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. *French*, and Dr. *Travers*, and Dr. *Whittingham*,

ham, and Mr. (I forget his name, that I always tell Mrs. *Walls* of) the banker's son, a pox on him. And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in any thing, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, *Presto?* Hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. secretary about some business; and he tells me, "That colonel *Fielding* is now going to make *Bernage* his captain-lieutenant," that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company; but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it; and the recommendation to the duke of *Argyle* goes on. And so trouble me no more about your *Bernage*; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined, by invitation, with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*. You say they are of no consequence: why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them: I saw two lady *Bettys* there this afternoon; the beauty of one, the good-breeding and nature of the other, and the wit of neither^k, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the *Park* now: why do not you walk in the *Green* of *St. Stephen*? The walks there are finer gra-

^k i. e. without the wit of either. [He probably meant lady *Betty Germaine*, and lady *Betty Butler*. N.]

veled than the *Mall*. What beasts the *Irish* women are, never to walk!

27. *Dartineuf* and I, and little *Harrison* the new *Tatler*, and *Jervas* the painter, dined to-day with *James*, I know not his other name, but it is one of *Dartineuf's* dining-places, who is a true epicure. *James* is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at *St. James's*; and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals that I could not eat it¹. Three weeks and three days since my last letter from *MD*; rare doings! why truly we were so busy with poor *Mrs. Walls*, that indeed, *Presto*, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died; and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born; and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it.—Indeed, *Presto*, you are plaguy silly to-night, and han't guess one word right; for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was god-father, and *Mrs. Catharine* and I were

¹ There seems to be a false concord in this passage: however, as the word *Viſuals* is a peculiar sort of noun, which is never used in the singular number, but, like *food*, implies either one or more dishes, the phrase may be excused, whether *Swift* had any authority to back him or not.

god-mothers; I was going to say *Stoyze*, but I think I have heard they do not put maids and married women together; though I know not why I think so, nor do I care; what care I? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined; which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookfeller has raked up every thing I writ, and published it the other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it, it was without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four shilling book, and is called *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*. Tooke pretends he knows nothing of it; but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I will bring a couple of them over with me for *MD*; perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to Patrick to look in his *Almanack* for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be *Leap-year*. The *Almanack* says, it is "The third after *Leap-year*;" and I always thought till now, that every third year was *Leap-year*. I am glad they come so seldom; but I am sure it was otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then.—Write to me, firrabs; be sure do

by the time this side is done, and I will keep the other side for the answer: so I will go write to the bishop of *Clogher*; good-morrow, firrahs.—Night. I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, being a rainy day; and lady *Betty Butler*, knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening, where the *Vaus* (so we call them) were to be. The duchess and they do not go over this summer with the duke; so I go to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was traipsing to-day with your Mr. *Sterne*, to go along with them to *Moore*, and recommend his business to the treasury. *Sterne* tells me, his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr. *Harley*, because I have troubled him lately so much with other folks affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. *Harley* told me, "He did not like *Sterne's* business:" however, I will serve him, because I suppose *MD* would have me. But, in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord *Abercorn*, whose son *Peasley* will be married at *Easter* to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you, that yesterday morning I was at Mr. *Harley's* levee: he swore, I came in spight, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was, to desire I might let the duke of *Ormond* know how the affair stood of the *First Fruits*. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every *Saturday*,
lord

lord keeper, secretary *St. John*, and I, dine with him, and sometimes lord *Rivers*; and they let in none else. *Patrick* brought me some letters into the *Park*; among which one was from *Walls*; and the other, yes, faith, the other was from our little *MD*, N. 11. I read the rest in the *Park*, and *MD's* in a chair as I went from *St. James's* to Mr. *Harley*; and glad enough I was, faith, to read it, and see all right. Oh, but I will not answer it these three or four days at least, or may be sooner. Am not I silly? faith, your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly, but it must be a little dog.—I staid with Mr. *Harley* till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on *Monday*. So I came home a-foot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. *Harley*, that he was much out of order. Pray God preserve his health! every thing depends upon it. The *Parliament* at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in *Ireland*; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament hurry is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the *First-fruit* business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt-

bankrupt-merchant. We must have *Peace*, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an *Isthmus*, between the *Whigs* on one side, and violent *Tories*^m on the other. They are able seamen; but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord *Somers* has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your duchess of *Somerset*, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman; and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them.—I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe, that lately, after much conversation with Mr. *Harley*, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, “That uttering his mind to me gave him ease.”

5. Mr. *Harley* continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he

■ The October Club.

N

is

is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. *Freind* at a third body's house, where I was to pass for some body else; and there was a plaguy filly jest carried on, that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like a camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your *Stoyte's*, or your *Manley's*, or your *Walls'*. But your new lodgings make you so proud, you will walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, firrahs.

6. Mr. *Harley's* going out yesterday has put him a little backwards. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. *Ferd* caught me, and made me dine with him on his *Opera-day*; so I brought Mr. *Lewis* with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. *Addison* these three weeks; all our friendship is over. I go to no *Coffee-house*. I presented a parson of the bishop of *Clogher's*, one *Richardson*, to the duke of *Ormond* to-day; he is translating prayers and sermons into *Irish*, and has a project about instructing the *Irish* in the Protestant religion.

7. Morning. Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shall not have room, for it must go on *Saturday*; and do not think I will fill the third side, I am not come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your *Bernage*, I have
said

said enough : I writ to him last week.—Turn over that leaf. Now, what says *MD* to the world to come? I tell you, madam *Stella*, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? Answer me that, rogues. Your being with goody *Walls* is excuse enough : I find I was mistaken in the sex, it is a boy. Yes, I understand your cypher, and *Stella* guesses right, as she always does. Heⁿ gave me al bsadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad^o, which I sent him again by Mr. *Lewis*, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was shewed him; and so the matter ended. He told me, “He had a quarrel with me;” I said, “I had another with him,” and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsey-water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest little *Stella* good! I suppose Mrs. *Edgeworth* set out last *Monday* sevensnight. Yes, I do read the *Examiners*, and they are written very finely, as you judge P. I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You

ⁿ Mr. *Harley*.

^o A bank note for fifty pounds.

^p Even to his beloved *Stella* he had not acknowledged himself, at this time, to be the author of *The Examiner*.

may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said, "It is not *Prior*, "but perhaps it may be *Atterbury*."—Now, madam *Dingley*, says she, it is fine weather, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking *Frenchman*. I will give you a bill on *Parvisol* for five pounds for the half year. And must I go on at four shillings a week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the devil said *Atterbury* and your dean were alike? I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for *Patrick's* bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to *Ireland*, if he be willing.—Yes, Mrs. *Stella*, *Dingley* writes more like *Presto* than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, Why should not I write like our *Presto* as well as *Dingley*? You with your awkward SS⁹; cannot you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS. Spiteful fluts, to affront *Presto's*

⁹ Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward shape of the letters.

Writing f

writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like *Presto*. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. *Walls's* eyes. *Walls* says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say, "If she recovers, she may lose her sight." I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, *Ford* is as sober as I please: I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I do not go to a *Coffee-house* twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven.—And so you say that *Stella* is a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language^r, I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose *Dingley* is so fair and so fresh as a lass in *May*, and has her health, and no spleen.—In your account you sent do you reckon as usual from the 1st of *November* was twelvemonth? Poor *Stella*, will not *Dingley* leave her a little day-light to write to *Presto*? Well, well, we will have day-light shortly, spight of her teeth; and

^r This refers to that strange spelling, &c. which abounds in these journals; but which could be no entertainment to the reader.

zoo^s must cly Lele and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate *padfr*, pay? Ifs, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mol-low.—At night. Mrs. *Barton* sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that *MD* used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear *MD*, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of *Dublin*; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr. *Harley's* being stabbed this afternoon, at three o'clock, at a committee of the council. I was playing lady *Catharine Morris's* cards, where I dined, when young *Arundel* came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. *St. John* in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. *Harley*, who

^s Here is just one specimen given of his way of writing to *Stella* in these journals. The reader, I hope, will excuse my omitting it in all other places where it occurs. The meaning of this pretty language is; "And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate *Presto*, pray?" "Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for your letter. Good morrow."

was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate *French* villain, marquis *De Guiscard*, stabbed Mr. *Harley*. *Guiscard* was taken up by Mr. secretary *St. John's* warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. *Harley*. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now, at nine, sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction; I now think of all his kindnesses to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate *French* Popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven, in bed. *Patrick* is just come from Mr. *Harley's*. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat up with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising, and going to Mr. secretary *St. John*. They say, *Guiscard* will die with the wounds Mr. *St. John* and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr. *Harley* still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. *Harley* is still mending
this

this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c. and pity *Presto*.

10. Mr. *Harley* was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of his mending increase. I had a letter from Mr. *Walls*, and one from Mr. *Bernage*. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. *Walls* writes about three things. First, about a hundred pounds from Dr. *Raymond*, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly, about Mr. *Clements*: I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. *Pratt*; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. *Pratt's* objections, whose relation *Clements* is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it cannot be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and let his Christian name be *Harley*, in honour of my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for *Bernage*, he writes me word, "That his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds." He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged colonel *Disney*, who was one of his solicitors to the secretary, and then told him
the

the story. He assured me, "That *Fielding* "*(Bernage's colonel)* said, he might have got "that sum; but, on account of those great re-
 "commendations he had, would give it him
 "for nothing:" and I would have *Bernage* write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. *Disney* tells me, "He will again speak "to *Fielding*, and clear up this matter;" then I will write to *Bernage*. A pox on him, for promising money till I had it promised to me; and then making it such a ticklish point, that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there is an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a *Smithfield* bargain, as a major-general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray, madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy-face.

Are not you saucy-boxes to write lele [i. e. *there*] like *Presto*?

O poor *Presto*!

Mr. *Harley* is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy *Gog* and *Magog*.

L E T T E R XVIII.

London, March 10, 1710-11.

PRETTY little *MD* must expect little from me till Mr. *Harley* is out of danger. We hope he is so now; but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes on well yet. Mr. *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis*, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. secretary and I met at *Court*, where he went to the queen, who is out of order, and aguish: I doubt the worse for this accident to Mr. *Harley*. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the pen-knife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact^t: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. *Harley* is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. *Harley*, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening

^t This the Dean performed on *March 15*, in *The Examiner*, N^o 32, printed in vol. VIII. of this collection. N.

I called

I called there; and young Mr. *Harley* (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The *parliament* cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money busineses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. *Harley* is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening, broke my shin in *The Strand* over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with gold-beaters skin, and have been peevish enough with *Patrick*, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when the other used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however, I shall not stir till it is well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things; but I wish I had Mrs. *J——*'s water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* till I am well, who lives but five doors off; and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr. *Harley's* mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbour *Vanhomrigh* at two, and came away at six, when

when little *Harrison* the *Tatler* came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. *Harley* still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, firrahs, that you may rise to-morrow and walk to *Donnybrook*, and lose your money with *Stoyte* and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink *Presto's* health. O pray, do not you drink *Presto's* health sometimes with your deans, and your *Stoytes*, and your *Walls*, and your *Manleys*, and your every body's, pray now? I drink *MD's* to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. secretary *St. John's* for all my shin; and he has given me for young *Harrison*, the *Tatler*, the prettiest employment in *Europe*; secretary to my lord *Raby*, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at *The Hague*, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the *Tatlers* in a fortnight. I will send *Harrison* to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor *Biddy Floyd* has got the small-pox. I called this morning to see lady *Betty Germaine*, and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it^u; for about ten days ago I was to see lord *Carteret*; and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the small-pox, and is since dead: it was near lady

^u *Dr. Swift* never had the small-pox.

Betty's

Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it w. I dined with Mr. secretary; and a physician

w Dr. Goldsmith, in his Life of Parnell, has given this anecdote: "The Scriblerus club, when the
" members were in town, were seldom asunder;
" and they often made excursions together into the
" country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually
" the butt of the company; and, if a trick was
" played, he was always the sufferer. The whole
" party once agreed to walk down to the house of
" lord B——, who is still living, and whose seat
" is about twelve miles from town. As every one
" agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who
" was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest
" behind him; fully resolved, upon his arrival,
" to chuse the very best bed for himself, for that
" was his custom. In the mean time, Parnell was
" determined to prevent his intentions; and, taking
" horse, arrived at lord B——'s, by another way,
" long before him. Having apprized his lordship of
" Swift's design, it was resolved at any rate to keep
" him out of the house; but how to do this, was
" the question. Swift never had the small-pox,
" and was much afraid of catching it: as soon,
" therefore, as he appeared striding along at some
" distance from the house, one of his lordship's
" servants was dispatched, to inform him, that the
" small-pox was then making great ravages in the
" family; but that there was a summer-house with
" a field-bed at his service, at the end of the gar-
" den. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to
" retire, and take a cold supper that was sent
" out to him, while the rest were feasting within.
" However, at last, they took compassion on him;
" VOL. IV. [or XXII.] Q " and,

cian came in just from *Guiscard*, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that *Guiscard* kept, sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying; for they had found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to *Guiscard* and Mr. *Harley*; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that *Guiscard* is dead, but they say it is impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no further than Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, where I dined; and lady *Betty Butler* coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. *Ford* came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the *Spectator* yet, a paper that comes out every

“and, upon his promising never to chuse the best
“bed again, they permitted him to make one of
“the company.”—There is something satisfactory
(as Dr. *Goldsmith* observes) in these accounts of the
follies of the wise: they give a natural air to the
picture, and reconcile us to our own. N.

day.

day? It is written by Mr. *Steele*, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe *Addison* and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, ten days ago, before my lord keeper and lord *Rivers*, "That I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of *Addison* and *Steele*; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done."—So, now I am got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When *Presto* begins to prate,

Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot! it is time to leave off,
&c.

17. *Guiscard* died this morning at two; and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from *Raymond*, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. *Lewis* of the secretary's office. Mr. *Harley* has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind. (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at *Court* to look for the duke of *Argyle*, and gave him the memorial about *Bernage*. The duke goes with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. *Bernage* has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however, he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit the company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than an hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and staid till seven, but would not drink his *Champaign* and *Burgundy*, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next *Saturday*.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, and fuffed up my leg on the seat; and as I came home, I went to see poor *Charles Barnard's* books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But it is too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a *Coffee-house* with *Stratford* upon chops and some of his wine. Where did *MD* dine? Why, poor *MD* dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. *Walls* mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The duke of *Argyle* is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know

know not, till I see Dr. *Arbuthnot*^x, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a *Scotch* doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; *Stella* cannot pronounce it. Oh, that we were at *Laracor* this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream is out: I was a-dreamed last night that I ate ripe cherries.—And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers!)—and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why do not you ask *Parvisol* these things, firrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But hearkee, ought not *Parvisol* to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accompts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr *Walls*. I will write an order on the other side; and do as you will. Here is a world of business; but I must go sleep, I am drowsy; and so good night, &c.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and

^x It is reasonable to suppose that *Swift's* acquaintance with *Arbuthnot* commenced just about this time; for in the original letter *Swift* misspells his name, and writes it *Artbbutbnet*, in a clear large hand, that *MD* might not mistake any of the letters. [See the Note on *Ocz.* 11, in the next volume, Letter xxxii. N.]

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coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to *Bernage*, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; it is his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. *Harley's* stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small-pox, and the house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. *Harley* so much. *Biddy Floyd* is like to do well: and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money, do so, you faucy fluts. *Stella*, you lost three shillings and four pence the other night at *Stoyte's*, yes, you did, and *Presto* stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in *Ireland*, and that I have left my cloaths and things behind me, and have not taken leave of any body; and that the ministry expect me to-morrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on *Saturday*, faith. I dined with Mrs. *Vanbom-righ*, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal: but what care I? what cares faucy *Presto*?

Darteneuf

Darteneuf invited me to dinner to-day. Do not you know *Darteneuf*? That is the man that knows every thing, and that every body knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last: and then I went to the *Coffee-house*. My shin mends, but is not quite healed: I ought to keep it up, but I do not; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take *Parvisol* and his watch! If I do not receive the ten pound bill I am to get towards it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let *Parvisol* know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of *Ormond* to meet him at *Ned Southwell's*, about an affair of printing *Irish Prayer Books*, &c. but the duke never came. There *Southwell* had letters that two pacquets are taken; so if *MD* writ then, the letters are gone; for they are pacquets coming hither. Mr. *Harley* is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact, by *Southwell's* letters from *Ireland*: what do you think of it? I dined with sir *John Percival*, and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming home my fore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the f—b, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord *Rivers* told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, “That the Pretender is going to be married to the duke of *Savoy's* daughter.” It is very bad if it be true. We were walking in the *Mall*

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with some *Scotch* lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and *MD*. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little *MD* good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you (it is morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, &c.

LETTER XIX.

London, March 24, 1710-11.

IT was a little cross in *Presto* not to send to-day to the *Coffee-house* to see whether there was a letter from *MD* before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politicks or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at *Ned Southwell's* with the bishop of *Offory* and a parcel of *Irish* gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the *Spectators*? Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, *N. 11*. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains *MD* take to write, especially poor pretty *Stella*, and her weak eyes.

eyes. God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr. *Harley* puts every thing backwards, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound; it was by the second blow *Guiscard* gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villainy whenever I think of it. *Biddy Floyd* is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning. I wish you a merry *New-year*; this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and it is *Lady-day*. I must rise and go to my lord keeper: it is not shaving-day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. secretary *St. John*. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. *Stella* will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. *De Caudres*' down upon the folks as they come from church; and there comes Mrs. *Proby*, and that is my lady *Southwell*, and there is lady *Betty Rochfort*. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. *Brent* could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you.—At night. So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We

y MD's lodgings were exactly opposite to *St. Mary's Church*.

have let *Guiscard* be buried at last, after shewing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for two pence apiece : and the fellow that shewed would point to his body, and, “ See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him “ by his grace the duke of *Ormond*; and this “ is the wound, &c.” and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. It is hard our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried ; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then.— Mr. *Harley* is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day ; and my shin being past danger, I walked like lightning above two hours in the *Park*. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr. *Harley* ; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs : and we fear, by the caprice of *Radcliffe*, who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. *Lewis*, but had his wine. Do not you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field ? How busy should I be now at *Laracor* ! No news of your box ? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the *Brazil* tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to *Ireland* ; therefore
pray

pray tell me, and tell me soon : and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night : and my neighbour *Van-bomrigh* invited me to dine with them : and this evening I passed at Mr. *Prior's* with Dr. *Freind* ; and it is now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning. Oh faith, you are an impudent saucy couple of fluttekings for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning ; who knows but there may be a letter from *MD* at the *Coffee-house* ? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent *Patrick*, and he brought me three letters, but not one from *MD*, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions ; and not one from *MD*. One I opened, it was from the archbishop ; the other I opened, it was from *Staunton* ; the third I took, and looked at the hand. Whose hand is this ? says I ; yes, says I, whose hand is this ? Then there was wax between the folds ; then I began to suspect ; then I peeped ; faith, it was *Walls's* hand after all : then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little *MD's* hand, dear, little, pretty, charming *MD's* sweet hand again. O Lord, is not here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle ? never saw the like ? Faith, I believe yours lay some days at the post-office, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I will answer this letter now ; no, faith, and so I will not. I will make you wait, young
O 6 women ;

women ; but I will inquire immediately about poor *Dingley's* exchequer trangum^z. What, is that *Vedel* again a soldier ? was he broke ? I will put it in *Ben Tooke's* hand. I hope *Vedel* could not sell it.—At night. *Vedel*, *Vedel*, poh, pox, I think it is *Vedeau* ; aye, *Vedeau*, now I have it ; let me see, do you name him in yours ? Yes, Mr. *John Vedeau* is the brother ; but where does this brother live ? I will inquire. This was a fast-day for the publick ; so I dined late with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes ; and I cannot contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry ; but he is too violent a *Whig*, and friend to the lord-treasurer^a, to stay in. It is odd to think how long they let those people keep their places ; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time ; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller told me, that there are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round the *Park*. What, do I write politicks to little young women ? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day, I will walk into the city, and see *Charles Barnard's*

^z He must mean an exchequer tally.

^a Earl of *Godolphin*.

library. What care I for your letter, faucy N. 12? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I cannot lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again.—At night. Your friend *Montgomery* and his sister are here, as I am told by *Patrick*: I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money.—How could I help it, pray? *Patrick* snuffed the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper^b. It is not my fault, it is *Patrick's* fault; pray now do not blame *Presto*. I walked to-day in the city, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor *Charles Barnard's* books; they were in the middle of the phisic books, so I bought none; and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none, and there is an end; and go to *Stoyte's*, and I will go sleep.

30. Morning. This is *Good-Friday*, you must know; and I must rise and go to Mr. secretary about some business, and Mrs. *Van-homrigh* desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for *Patrick*, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he

^b It caused a violent daub on the paper, which still continues much discoloured in the original.

knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to *Ireland*, I will discharge him. ^c Sir *Thomas Mansel*, one of the lords of the treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw *Patrick*, and swore he was a *Teaguelander*. I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I supped this fast-day with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*. We were afraid Mr. *Harley's* wound would turn to a *Fistula*; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he will be out in a fortnight. *Prior* shewed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr. *Harley's* accident: they are not out; I will send them to you, if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning. What shall we do to make *April* fools this year, now it happens on *Sunday*? *Patrick* brings word that Mr. *Harley* still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: and he brings me word too that he has found out *Vedeau's* brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke, and got a commission, or perhaps is a voluntier gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, firrahs, let me rise.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir *Thomas Mansel*.

^c He forgot here to say, At night. See what goes before.

We

We were walking in the *Park*, and Mr. *Lewis* came to us. *Mansel* asked, "Where we dined?" We said, "Together." He said, "We should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton." I said, "I would dine with him to chuse;" but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by flattering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. *Harley's*, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak.— See how much I have lost with that ugly greased. It is your fault, pray; and I will go to bed.

April 1. The duke of *Buckingham's* house fell down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up;—will not you go and see it?—An *April* fool, an *April* fool, oh ho, young women. Well, do not be angry. I will make you an *April* fool no more till the next time; we had no sport here, because it is *Sunday*, and *Easter-Sunday*. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. *Prior* and *Lewis* observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone

d The candle-grease mentioned before, which soaked through, deformed this part of the paper on the second page.

wrong;

wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God blefs my own dearest *MD*, and all is well.

2. We have fuch windy weather, it is troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our *Park* these *Easter* holidays. I am plagued with one *Richardson*, an *Irish* parson, and his project of printing *Irish Bibles*, &c. to make you *Christians* in that country: I befriend him what I can, on account of the archbishop and bishop of *Clogher*.—— But what business have I to meddle, &c. Do not you remember that, firrah *Stella*? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? Oh faith, you are an impudent flut, I remember your doings, I will never forget you as long as I live. *Lewis* and I dined together at his lodgings. But where is the answer to this letter of *MD's*? O faith, *Presto*, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy *Presto*.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. *Barton*; I love her better than any body here, and see her feldomer. Why really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best — pfnah, pfnah, you are so silly with your moral observations. Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentleman died here two months ago, and left in her will, to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson, and clerk, must be all true virgins; and not

to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman still lies unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection.—I called at Mr. secretary's, to see what the D— ailed him on *Sunday*; I made him a very proper speech; told him, “I observed he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better;” and one thing I warned him of, “Never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning from first *William Temple*); that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord keeper and Mr. *Harley* know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly.” He took all right; said, “I had reason;” vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dined with him and Mrs. *Masbam's* brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I do not know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend *Rollinson*, you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? You are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. secretary was right. Do not you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir *William Temple* would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons. I have pluckt up my spirit since then, faith; he spoilt a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour *Vanbomrigh*, and *MD*, poor *MD*, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor *Stella* could not eat, poor dear rogue, and *Dingley* was so vexed; but we will dine at *Stoyte's* to-morrow. Mr. *Harley* promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. *Vedeau*. She drew out a letter from *Dingley*, and said, "she would get a friend to receive the money." I told her, "I would employ Mr. *Tooke* in it henceforward." Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to *Portugal*. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, "It made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c." She says, she will write to you soon. I design to engage *Ben Tooke*, and then receive the parchment from her.—I gave Mr. *Dopping* a copy
 of

of *Prior's* verses on Mr. *Harley*; he sent them yesterday to *Ireland*, so go look for them, for I will not be at the trouble to transcribe them here^c. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to *Stoyte* and *Catharine*; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire goody *Stoyte* not to let Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Johnson* cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me, that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage, and speedy return, and so you are a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a sawcy letter from one Madam *MD*. —God Almighty blefs poor dear *Stella*, and send her a great many *Birth-days*, all happy, and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never afunder again, unless by

^c In these verses, which are printed in Mr. *Prior's* Works, the Poet has prettily introduced the circumstance of a new Law's being framed on this occasion, which made it *Felony* to attempt the life of a privy-counsellor in the execution of his office:

“ The barb'rous rage that durst attempt thy life,
 “ *Harley*, great counsellor, extends thy fame:
 “ And the sharp point of cruel *Guiscard's* knife
 “ In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.
 “ Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
 “ *Britain* with tears shall bathe thy glorious
 “ wound;
 “ She for thy safety shall enlarge her Laws;
 “ And in her Statutes shall thy worth be
 “ found.” N.
 chance.

chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies.——What, you would fain palm a letter on me more than you sent: and I, like a fool, must look over all yours, to see whether this was really *N. 12.* or more. [*Patrick* has this moment brought me letters from the bishop of *Clogher* and *Parvisol*; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from *MD*; what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together! But faith this shall go to-night, for fear; and then come when it will, I defy it.] No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of Mr. *Harley* from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box? I wish Mrs. *Edgworth* had the —. But you have it now, I suppose; and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoilt it? *Leigh* stays till *Sterne* has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but *Harley's* accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, Madam *Dingley*, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over, if I could, this

this minute; but we will talk of that by and by.—Your affair of *Vedean* I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. *Dobbins* lies, I have no more provision here or in *Ireland* than I had. I am pleased that *Stella* the conjurer approves what I did with Mr. *Harley*^d; but your generosity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at *Presto's* absence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick; and now *Stella* says, she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that *MD* is satisfied, &c. Are not you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!] why they should not^e. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away^f. I could say a thousand things on this

^d In relation to the Bank Note; see p. 207.

^e *Swift* was, at this time, their great support and champion.

^f And so at last he threatened; (see his Letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, N^o 90. in vol. XIX.); or perhaps he never would have got that trifling *Deanry* of *St. Patrick's*.

head, if I were with you. I am thinking why *Stella* should not go to the *Bath*, if she be told it will do her good; I will make *Parvisol* get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in *Autumn*, or visit *London*, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to *Bernage*, directed to *Curry's*; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The bishop of *Kilmore*, I do not keep such company; an old dying fool whom I never was with in my life. So I am no god-father; all the better. Pray, *Stella*, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian*, and *Dainger* ^g; and you, *Madam Dingley*, what is *Christianing*?—Lay your letter *this way, this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and the other way. No; I will shew you, lay them *this way, this way*, and not *that way, that way* ^h.—You shall have your aprons; and I will put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and do not think I will forget *MD's* orders, because they are friends; I will be as careful, as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this

^g It may be somewhat amazing to declare; but *Stella*, with all her wit and good sense, spelled very ill. And Dr. *Swift* insisted greatly upon womens spelling well.

^h The slope of the letters in the words *this way, this way*, is to the left hand, but the slope of the words *that way, that way*, is to the right hand.

Clement

Clements. *Walls* will not let me say any thing as if Mr. *Pratt* was against him; and now the bishop of *Clogher* has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; However, I will do what I can. But, if he has the name of a *Whig*, it will be hard, considering my lord *Anglesea* and *Hyde* are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of deputy treasurer. If the frolick should take you of going to the *Bath*, I here send you a note on *Parvisol*; if not, you may tear it, and there is an end. Farewell.

If you have an imagination that the *Bath* will do you good, I say again, I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve however to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

L E T T E R XX.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my nineteenth in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire;

hire; I walked away sixpennyworth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. secretary desired I would see him this morning; said, "he had several things to say to me," and said not one; and the duke of *Ormond* sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. *Southwell's* by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the *Irish* in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on *Irish* yarn; so we talked awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the house of commons, to solicit our friends, and the duke came among the rest; and lord *Anglesea* solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But, after all, the matter was put off till *Monday*, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord *Mountjoy*, and looked over him at chess, which put me in mind of *Stella* and *Griffyth*. I came home, and that dog *Patrick* was not within; so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me?

And so get you gone to your deans,

You couple of queans.

I cannot find rhyme to *Walls* and *Stoyte* —

Yes, yes,

You expect Mrs. *Walls*,

Be drefs'd when she calls,

To carry you to *Stoyte*,

Or else *honi soit*.

Henley told me that the *Tories* were insupportable people, because they are for bringing

ing in *French* claret, and will not *sup-port*. Mr. *Harley* will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon, when I send away this letter, he will be just got into the house of commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No it will not, for those letters that go under a fortnight are answers to one of yours, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid; some, &c.—I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind. It is a late *Spring* they say here.—Go to bed, you two dear faucy brats, and do not keep me up all night.

7. *Ford* has been at *Epsom*, to avoid *Good-Friday* and *Easter-Sunday*. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me, “There are letters from *Ireland*, giving an account of a great indiscretion in the archbishop of *Dublin*, who applied a story out of *Tacitus* very reflectingly on Mr. *Harley*, and that twenty people have written of it;” I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to see Mr. secretary, who has been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by *Burgundy* and *Champaigne*, added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea while the rest were at *Champaigne*, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs.

St. John, who is growing a great favourite of mine; she goes to the *Bath* on *Wednesday*, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the news-paper called the *Post-boy*; in it there was a long copy of a letter from *Dublin*, giving an account of what the *Whigs* said upon Mr. *Harley's* being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr. secretary *St. John*; and at the end there were half a dozen lines, telling the story of the archbishop of *Dublin*, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on *Tuesday*. I told the secretary I would not suffer that about the archbishop to be printed, and so I crost it out; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be published: and I sent for the printer, and told him so, and ordered him, in the secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on any body in *Ireland* till he had shewed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for itⁱ; but say nothing.

ⁱ See the archbishop's letter of thanks on this occasion in vol. XIX. p. 82. N.

9. I was to-day at the house of commons again about their yarn, at lord *Anglesea's* desire; but the business is again put off till *Monday*. I dined with sir *John Stanley*, by an assignation I had made with Mr. *St. John*, and *George Granville*, the secretary at war; but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not so easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since *Sunday*, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of *Champaigne* or *Burgundy* without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better; but when he is well, he is like *Stella*, and will not be governed. So go to your *Stoyte's*, and I will go sleep.

10. I have been visiting lady *Worsley* and Mrs. *Barton* to-day, and dined soberly with my friend *Lewis*. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you; *Duncomb*, the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of *Argyle*, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily^k. I writ this evening to the
archbishop

^k *John Campbell*, duke of *Argyle* in Scotland, created baron of *Chatham* and earl of *Greenwich*, 26 Nov. 1705; and duke of *Greenwich*, April 30, 1719. "The late duke of *Argyle*," says lord

archbishop of *Dublin*, about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. *St. John*, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence; said, "she had

Chesterfield, "though the weakest reasoner, was
 "the most pleasing speaker, I ever knew in my
 "life. He charmed, he warmed, he forcibly rav-
 "ished the audience; not by his matter certainly,
 "but by his manner of delivering it. A most
 "genteel figure, a graceful noble air, an harmo-
 "nious voice, an elegance of style, and a strength
 "of emphasis, conspired to make him the most
 "affecting, persuasive, and applauded speaker I
 "ever saw. I was captivated like others; but
 "when I came home, and coolly considered what
 "he had said, stripped of all those ornaments
 "in which he had dressed it, I often found the
 "matter flimsy, the arguments weak, and I was
 "convinced of the power of those adventitious
 "concurring circumstances, which ignorance
 "of mankind only calls adventitious." Letter

CLXXIII.—To this character we shall take leave to subjoin the inscription on his grace's tomb, written by Mr. *P. Whitehead*, and supposed to be spoken by the Historic goddess:

"*Britain*, behold, if patriot worth be dear,
 A shrine that claims thy tributary tear;
 Silent that tongue admiring Senates heard;
 Nerveless that arm opposing legions fear'd;
 Nor less, O *Campbell*! thine the power to please,
 And give to grandeur all the grace of ease.
 Long from thy life let kindred heroes trace
 Arts which ennoble still the noblest race.
 Others may owe their future fame to me,
 I borrow immortality from thee." N.

“none to trust but me;” and the poor creature’s tears came fresh in her eyes. Before we took leave, I was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir *John Stanley* to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings apiece, several raffling for absent people; but I lost, and so mist an opportunity of shewing my gallantry to Mrs. *St. John*, whom I designed to have presented it to if I had won. Is *Dilly*^l gone to the *Bath*? His face will whizz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take *London* in his way back.—The rabble will say, “There goes a drunken parson;” and, which is worse, they will say true. Oh, but you must know I carried *Ford* to dine with Mr. *St. John* last *Sunday*, that he may brag when he goes back, of dining with a secretary of state. The secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me, that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. *Harley* is to be lord treasurer, and lord *Poulet*^m master of the horse, &c. but they are only conjecture. The speaker is to make Mr. *Harley* a compliment the first time he comes into the house, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon, by the caprice of that puppy Dr. *Radcliffe*; which has kept him back so

^l The reverend *Dillon Ashe*.

^m He was at this time first commissioner of the treasury.

long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day.—What; I think I am stark mad, to write so much in one day to little saucy *MD*; here is a deal of stuff, indeed! cannot you bid those little dear rogues good night, and let them go sleep, Mr. *Presto*? When your tongue runs there is no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the house of commons, about your *Irish* yarn, and again put off till *Friday*; and I and *Patrick* went into the city by water, where I dined, and then I went to the auction of *Charles Barnard's* books; but the good ones were so monstrous dear, I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. *Henley* would fain engage me to go with *Steele* and *Rowe*, &c. to an invitation at Sir *William Read's*. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and will not go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his *Champaigne*, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord *Anglesea*, and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and *Prior*, and I, dined, by appointment, with lieutenant general *Webb*. My lord and I staid

staid till ten o'clock; but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. *Campaign*, one of the *October Club*, if you know what that is; a Club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the *Whigs*. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I will remember *Stella's* chiding; "What had you to do with what did not belong to you," &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other peoples thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks *Dingley*.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. *Vedeau's* again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. *Harley*, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of *Guiscard's* cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of *Shrewsbury*) came up; then colonel *Masbam* and I went off, after I had been presented to the duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended

tended at the house of commons about your yarn, and it is again put off. Then *Ford* drew me to dine at a tavern, it happened to be the day and the house where the *October Club* dine. After we had dined, coming down we called to inquire whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for Sir *George Beaumont*. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. *Finch*, lord *Guernsey's* son, to let me know, that my lord *Compton*, the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the *Club*, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship with the ministry. The *Club* is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground-room. At evening I went to the auction of *Barnard's* books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I will go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I will keep to it. I forgot to tell, that when I dined at *Webb's* with lord *Anglesea*, I spoke to him of *Clements*, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman and good officer, and hoped he would keep him. He said, "He had not thought otherwise;" and that he should certainly hold his place, "while he continued to deserve it;" and I could not find there had been any intentions from

from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me.—I hope this may do some good to *Clements*, it can do him no hurt; and I find by Mrs. *Pratt*, that her husband is his friend; and the bishop of *Clogher* says, “*Clement's* danger is not from *Pratt*, but from some other enemies, that think him a *Whig*.”

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of *Argyle*, but said nothing of *Bernage*, who, I believe, will not see him till *Spain* is conquered, and that is, not at all. I was to-day at lord *Shelburne's*, and spoke to Mrs. *Pratt* again about *Clements*; her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. *Pratt*, “I expected her husband should stand by *Clements* in return.” Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with neighbour *Vanbomrigh*; he is mighty ill of an *Asthma*, and apprehends himself in much danger; it is own fault, that will rake and drink, when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter

250 LETTERS TO STELLA.

letter just now, because I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place, I would give something for their keeping: but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accompts about it; and get Mrs. *Brent* to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the *Bath*, I here send you a bill on *Parvisol* for twenty pounds *Irish*, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor *Presto*, that loves *MD* better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewell, *MD*, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXI.

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, firrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away the last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day; but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. *Harley* will be lord treasurer in a
short

short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the duke of *Tuscany* used to send to Sir *William Temple*ⁿ: he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God *MD* had it! The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I went with *Ford* into the city to-day, and dined with *Stratford*, and drank Tokay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you will dine better with the dean; and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me *A Narrative* printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. *Harley*'s stabbing. I had not time to do it myself; so I sent my hints to the author of the *Atalantis*^o, and she has cooked it into a six-penny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. *Harley* or Mr. *St. John* in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of *Florence* was sent

ⁿ See his Works, vol. II. p. 152. N.

^o Mrs. *Manley*. See above, p. 146. N.

me this morning, and cost me seven and sixpence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my lord keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and staid till eight. There was Sir *Thomas Mansel*, Prior, *George Granville*, and Mr. *Cesar*, and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to *MD*, if she likes that sort? My lord keeper and our this day's company are to dine on *Saturday* with *George Granville*, and to-morrow I dine with lord *Anglesea*.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goosecap as *Presto*? I saw the number 21 at top, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but *Wednesday* the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with lord *Anglesea* to-day, but did not go to the house of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what is the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you

you what you must do henceforward: you must inclose your letter in a fair half sheet of paper, and direct the outside “To *Erasmus Lewis*, esquire, at my lord *Dartmouth’s* office at *Whitehall* :” for I never go to the *Coffee-house*, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweat-water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to *Sheen*, with lady *Giffard*: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love *Stella*, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is *Dingley*.

19. This morning general *Webb* was to give me a visit: he goes with a crutch and stick, yet was forced to come up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterwards sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend *Lewis’s* lodgings at *Whitehall*, with whom I had much business to talk of, relating to the publick and myself. Little *Harrison* the *Tatler* goes to-morrow to the secretaryship I got him at *The Hague*, and Mr. *St. John* has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. Am not I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from *Bernage* from *Kinsale*: he tells me his commission for captain lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: so there are two jackan-

apafes I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. fecretary, whose pacquets were juft come in, and among them a letter from lord *Peterborow* ° to me: he writes fo well, I have no mind to anfwer him, and fo kind, that I muft anfwer him. The emperor's death muft, I think, caufe great alterations in *Europe*, and, I believe, will haften a *Peace*. We reckon our king *Charles* will be chofen emperor, and the duke of *Savoy* fet up for *Spain*; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. *Freind* and I dined in the city at a printer's, and it has coft me two fhillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almoft all rain, with now and then funfhine, and is the trueft *April* that I have known thefe many years. The lime-trees in the *Park* are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wife people are going into the country; but many think the *Parliament* can hardly be up thefe fix weeks. Mr. *Harley* was with the queen on *Tuesday*. I believe certainly he will be lord treafurer: I have not feen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord keeper, and I, and *Prior*, and Sir *Thomas Manfel*, have appointed to dine this day with *George Granville*. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyifh three or four days together mor-

° See fome particulars of his lordfhip's character, vol. XVIII. p. 396. N.

tified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little and the gentlest meats. How does poor *Stella* just now, with her *deans* and her *Stoytes*? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, firrah? What say you to that? Poor *Dingley* frets, to see *Stella* lose that four and eleven pence, the other night. Let us rise. Morrow, firrahs. I will rise, spite of your little teeth; good morrow.—At night. Oh, faith, you are little dear faucy boxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from *MD*, and in four minutes after Mr. *Ford* sends me one that he had picked up at *St. James's Coffee-house*; for I go to no *Coffee-house* at all. And faith, I was glad at heart to see it, and to see *Stella* so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well; but I will not answer it yet; I will keep it for the other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; lord keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled: for young *Harcourt*, lord keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with *Prior's* lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb;

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine;
Miss your glass when you can;
And go off the first man.

256 LETTERS TO STELLA.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb-snuff prescribed by Dr. *Radcliffe*.

Go to your dean's,

You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? what cares *Presto*?

22. Morning. I must rise and go to the secretary's. Mr. *Harley* has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into parliament. Oh, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, firrahs both.—Night. I dined to-day with the secretary, who has engaged me for every *Sunday*; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politicks, where I told him the objections of the *October Club*, and he answered all except one, "That no Inquiries are made into past mismanagement." But indeed I believe they are not yet able to make any: the late ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an *Act of general Pardon*. I believe Mr. *Harley* must be lord treasurer; yet he makes one difficulty which is hard to answer: he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the luds. Another difficulty is, that if he be

made a peer, they will want him prodigiously in the *House of Commons*, of which he is the great mover, and after him the secretary, and hardly any else of weight P. Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on *Saturday* to my lord keeper. After dinner we had coarse *Doiley* napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table, to drink with: my lord keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. *Prior*; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *Fringeship* [Friendship] between Mr. *Prior* and his lordship. *Prior* swore, it was the worst he ever heard: I said I thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of *Stella's* that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy*, and this evening saw the *Venetian* ambassador coming from his first public audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the duchess of *Ormond*, who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the countess of *Bellamont*, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another; yet hear-

P That is, among the ministry.

Q3

ing

ing me named, she asked, "What, is that
 "Dr. *Swift*?" said, "She and I were very
 "well acquainted;" and fell a railing at me
 without mercy, as a lady told me that was
 there; yet I never was but once in the com-
 pany of that drab of a countess. Sir *Andrew*
Fountain and I dined with my neighbour *Van*.
 I design in two days, if possible, to go lodge
 at *Chelsea* for the air, and put myself under
 a necessity of walking to and from *London*
 every day. I writ this post to the bishop of
Glogher a long politic letter, to entertain him.
 I am to buy statues and *Harnese*⁹ for them,
 with a vengeance. I have packt and sealed
 up *MD*'s twelve letters against I go to *Chelsea*.
 I have put the last commissions of *MD* in my
 accompt-book; but if there be any former
 ones, I have forgot them. I have *Dingley's*
 pocket-book down, and *Stella's* green silk
 apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me
 word if you have any other, and down they
 shall go. I will not answer your letter yet,
 faucy boxes. You are with the dean just now,
 madam *Stella*, losing your money. Why do
 not you name what number you have re-
 ceived? You say you have received my letters,
 but do not tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with
 very insignificant, low, and scurvy company.
 I had a letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*,
 with a long denial of the report raised on him^r,

⁹ *Farnese*.

^r See vol. XIX, Letter XLV. N.

which yet has been since assured to me from those who say they have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will shew it to the secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to *Chelsea*.

26. *Chelsea*. I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend *Darteneuf's* house, and my chest of *Florence* and other things to Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the secretary, and shewed him the archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr. *Harley*. I got here in the stage-coach with *Patrick* and my portmantua for six-pence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to *London*, and I must go as I came until it mends; and besides the whelp has taken my lodging as far from *London* as this town could afford, at least half a mile further than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over-against Dr. *Atterbury's* house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I will stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at *Chelsea* from henceforward, till I alter, and say *London*. This letter goes on *Saturday*, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat goody *Stoyte*, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of *Florence* is turned sour, at least the

two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in *Christendom*. I went to town in the fixpenny stage to-day; and hearing Mr. *Harley* was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and betwixt that and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play—with a — — — a — a — bookfeller, and got but about half a dozen books^s. I will buy no more books now, that is certain. Well, I dined at Mr. *Harley's*, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walked hither to *Chelsea*, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stand a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry; there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and the other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. secretary, in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr. *Brydges*, on whom part of the blame was falling, said, "He did not know that either Mr. *Brydges* or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter;" which was very desperately

^s This must have been at some raffling for books.

spoken,

spoken, and giving up the whole cause: for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter: but Mr. *Foley* beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. *St. John*, I turned to Mr. *Harley*, and said, "If the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he [Mr. *Harley*] ought to lose his head for putting the queen upon changing them." He made it a jest; but by some words dropt, I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. *St. John*; and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of *Courts*. I will, if I meet Mr. *St. John* alone on *Sunday*, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad; for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politicks.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you that Mr. *Harley* asked me yesterday, "How he came to disoblige the archbishop of *Dublin*?" Upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the bishop had written to me on that subject^t, and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one *Brent Spencer*, a

^t See vol. XIX. Letter XLIV. N.

brother of Mr. *Proby's*, who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from *Charles Dering*, who heard the words; and that *Ingoldsby* abused the archbishop, &c. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it; O yes, enough on the other side. Are you no ficker? *Stella* jeers *Presto* for not coming over by *Christmas*; but indeed *Stella* does not jeer, but reproach, poor poor *Presto*. And how can I come away, and the *First-Fruits* not finished? I am of opinion the duke of *Ormond* will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight, they say; and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the *Miscellanies* already. Are they on your side yet? If you have my snuff-box, I will have your strong box. Hi, does *Stella* take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box? Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*, you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you *Tories*: now I think it very fine, and the *Examiner* a wretched thing. — Twist your mouth, firrah. *Guiscard*, and what you will read in the *Narrative*, I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The *Spectator* is written by *Steele*, with *Addison's* help: it is often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an *Indian* supposed to write his *Travels* into *England*. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent

it all in one paper, and all the under-hints there are mine too; but I never see him or *Addison*. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word *bowels*.) My ears have been, these three months past, much better than any time these two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs. *Westley* came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some tea. They lie; Mr. *Harley's* wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound: he is weak still. Well, *Brooks* married; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs. *Walls's* eye: I hope it is better. O yes, you are great walkers: but I have heard them say, "Much talkers, Little walkers:" and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you;

If you talkt no more than you walkt,

Those that think you wits would be baulkt.

Yes, *Stella* shall have a large printed *Bible*: I have put it down among my commissions for *MD*. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the *Bible*. Pox take the box; is not it come yet? This is trusting to your young fellows, young women; it is your fault: I thought you had

such power with *Sterne*, that he would fly over *Mount Atlas* to serve you. You say you are not splenetic; but if you be, faith you will break poor *Presto's*—I will not say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politicks and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here, of preserving my health by riding, &c. that I have in *Ireland*; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being hit with a direction from *Walls*, and the letter from *MD*: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor *MD*. Farewell.

Oh, faith, do not think, saucy noses, that I will fill this third side: I cannot stay a letter above a fortnight: It must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this, than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the dean, and Mrs. *Walls*, and good kind hearty Mrs. *Stoyte*, and honest *Catharine*.

L E T T E R XXII.

Chelsea, April 28, 1711.

AT night. I say at night, because I finished my twenty-first this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self,

self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-second, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with lord *Abercorn*, where I had not been since the marriage of his son lord *Peasley*, who has got ten thousand pounds with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been inquiring about statutes for Mrs. *Asbe*: I made lady *Abercorn* go with me; and will send them word next post to *Clogher*. I hate to buy for her: I am sure she will maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to *Court*, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the secretary; and we proposed doing some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr. *Harley* were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under-secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who staid till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? he shall send to me the next time, and ask twice.

To-

266 LETTERS TO STELLA.

To-morrow I go to the election at *Westminster-school*, where lads are chosen for the *University*: they say it is a fight, and a great trial of wits. Our *Expedition Fleet* is but just failed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. secretary frets at their tediousness; but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and, for that reason, I fear it is no secret to *France*. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your *Walker's* brother the midwife.

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of *Chelsea* have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I cannot walk: I will borrow a coat. This is the blindside of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniencies as these. Faith, I will walk in the rain. Morrow.—At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at *Westminster* to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. *Freind*, the second master of the school, with a dozen parsons and others: *Prior* would make me stay. Mr. *Harley* is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. It is terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry *May-day*, and a thousand more. I was baulkt at *Westminster*; I came too late: I heard no speeches
nor

nor verses. They would not let me in to their dining-place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr. *Harley* excused his coming, and *Atterbury* was not there; and I cared not for the rest; and so my friend *Lewis* and I dined with *Kitt Musgrave*, if you know such a man: and, the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor *Stella*? *Dingley* is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear *MD*, contrive to have some share of the country this spring: go to *Finglass*, or *Donnybrook*, or *Clogher*, or *Killala*, or *Lowth*. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yes. Do not write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the *Bath*: I hope you are now at the *Bath*, if you had a mind to go; or go to *Wexford*: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging, according to order? I have had just now a compliment from dean *Atterbury's* lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the dean is in town with his convocation: so I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine, nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat *Presto* sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not

Rrrrrrrrrrrare

Rrrrrrrrrrare Chelsea Buns? I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny; it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, &c. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*; and had a flask of my *Florence*, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and *Patrick* saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs. *Atterbury*, to know whether I might wait on her? but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy; nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I crossed the way to see Mrs. *Atterbury*, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day, for want of *MD*: I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thousand times more, if *MD* had been with a body. My lord *Rochester* is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as lord president. I have been writing a long letter to lord *Peterborough*, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord *Shelburne's*, where lady *Kerry* made me a present of four *India* handkerchiefs,

handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little *MD*, only that I had rather, &c. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff ones since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, *MD* shall be acquainted with lady *Kerry*: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well-bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but *MD*: you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. *Addison*, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and *Stoytes*. It is three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pounds till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the *Coffee-house*, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I do not know what, nor I do not know how, and this goes on very slow; it is a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and do not know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to *MD*? Faith, I am very silly; but I cannot help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear *Patrick, Patrick*, called a hundred

hundred times every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? Go to the dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend *Lewis*, and we were deep in politicks how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. *Harley*; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old *Saturday Club*, lord keeper, lord *Rivers*, Mr. secretary, Mr. *Harley*, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr. secretary went away; but I staid till nine, and made Mr. *Harley* shew me his breast, and tell all the story; and I shewed him the archbishop of *Dublin's* letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord keeper and I left them together, and I walked here after nine two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and *Patrick* and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to *Chelsea*, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken. A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers! I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. *Harley* shall make me take such a journey again. We do not yet know who will be president in lord *Rocheester's* room. I measured,
and

and found that the penknife would have killed Mr. *Harley*, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower; so near was he to death. I was so curious as to ask him, "What were his thoughts, while they were carrying him home in the chair?" He said, "He concluded himself a dead man." He will not allow that *Guiscard* gave him the second stab; though my lord keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaster still as broad as half a crown. Smoak how wide the lines are, but faith, I do not do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new *Chelsea* bed, and I do not know how, methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to inclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus: "To *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; at my lord *Dartmouth's* office at *Whitehall*;" I said so before, but it may miscarry, you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith, I think never one; among all the privateers and the storms: oh faith, my letters are too good to be lost. *MD's* letters may tarry, but never miscarry, as the old women used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head enough to go and come in. I was early with the secretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But *Arthur Moore* came up
and

and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of *Arthur Moore*. But when I get Mr. *Harley* alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. *Raymond* over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope and believe my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. *Van-honrigh*, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon, and among others, poor *Biddy Floyd*, who is very red, but I believe will not be much marked. As I was coming home, I met sir *George Beaumont* in the *Pall-mall*, who would needs walk with me as far as *Buckingham-house*. I was telling him of my head; he said, "He had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which, he said, always gave it him; and that Dr. *Radcliffe* said it was very bad." Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it, that *Stella* may consider it for her own poor little head: a pound lies ready packed up and directed for Mrs. *Walls*, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr. secretary told me yesterday, "That Mr. *Harley* would this week be lord treasurer and a peer;" so I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be till *Parliament* is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of *Ormond*, and recommended to him the care of poor *Joe Beaumont*, who promises me to do him all justice

justice and favour, and give him encouragement; and desired I would give a memorial to *Ned Southwell* about it, which I will, and so tell *Joe* when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. *Warburton*^u. It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I will send to-morrow to the *Coffee-house* for a letter from *MD*; but I would not have one methinks till this is gone, as it shall on *Saturday*. I visited the duchess of *Ormond* this morning; she does not go over with the duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the son of a grocer in *Cable-street*, one *Bell*; the ladies have bought sugar and plumbs of him. Mrs. *Mary* used to go there often. This is *Patrick's* account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she will not at all. Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to *Donnybrooke*, and cut asparagus. Has *Parvisol* sent you any this year^w? I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr. *Freind* came this morning to visit *Atterbury's* lady and children as physician, and

^u Dr. *Swift's* curate at *Laracor*.

^w From Dr. *Swift's* garden at *Laracor*.

persuaded

persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me, "He had been an hour before with sir *Cholmley Dering*, *Charles Dering's* nephew, and head of that family in *Kent*, for which he is knight of the shire." He said, "He left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr. *Thornbill*." They fought at sword and pistol this morning in *Tuttle-fields*, their pistols so near, that the muzzles touched. *Thornbill* discharged first; and *Dering*, having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. *Thornbill* had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from *Dering*, who had first knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. *Dering* was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you will not value it. Well, Mr. *Harley*, lord keeper, and one or two more, are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble to Mr. *Harley's*, full of his praises. *Lewis* and I dined with *Ford*; I found the wine; two flasks of my *Florence*, and two bottles of fix that Dr. *Raymond* sent me of *French* wine; he sent it to me to drink with sir *Robert Raymond* and Mr. *Harley's* brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come; and now I have left the town, and it is too late. *Raymond* will think it a cheat. What care I, firrah?

10. Pshaw, pshaw. *Patrick* brought me four letters to-day; from *Dilly* at *Barb*; *Joe*; *Parvizol*;

Parvisol; and what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who will guess? Who can it be? You old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Ifs, an please your honour, it is from one madam *MD*, Number Fourteen. Well; but I cannot send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town; but it shall go on *Saturday*, and this is *Thursday* night, and it will be time enough for *Wexford*. Take my method: I write here to *Parvisol* to lend *Stella* twenty pounds, and to take her note promissory to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more, let me know afterwards; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives, pray?

II. *Joe* has written me to get him a collector's place, nothing less; he says, "All the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. *Harley*, and that the smallest word to him will do." This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to *Courts* and ministers. My answer is this; which pray send: That I am ready to serve *Joe*, as far as I can; that I have spoken to the duke of *Ormond* about his money, as I writ to *Warburton*; that for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at present. But, if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at a distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and if *Fortune* throws an opportunity

In my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that *Parvisol* may not run away with my two hundred pounds; but get *Burton's*^z note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Do not laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach *Parvisol* to inclose, and direct the outside to Mr. *Lewis*. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the court of requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, &c.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Chelsea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. *Harley* and the old club, lord *Rivers*, lord keeper, and Mr. secretary. They raillied me last week, and said, "I must have Mr. *St. John's* leave;" so I writ to him yesterday, "That foreseeing I should never dine again with sir *Simon Harcourt*, knight, and *Robert Harley*, esq; I was resolved to do it to-day^y." The jest is, that before *Saturday* next we expect they will

^z *Burton*, a banker in *Dublin*.

^y This Letter is printed in vol. XVI. p. 120. N. be

be lords : for Mr. *Harley's* patent is drawing, to be earl of *Oxford*. Mr. secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach ; so I lost my walk. *St. John* read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and passed purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead ; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to *Court* after church (as I always do on *Sundays*) and then dined with Mr. secretary, who has engaged me for every *Sunday* ; and poor *MD* dined at home upon a bit of veal, and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day where I dine ; yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. *Presto*, you had better go answer *MD's* letter, *N. 14.* I will answer it when I please, Mr. *Doctor*. What is that you say ? The *Court* was very full this morning, expecting Mr. *Harley* would be declared earl of *Oxford*, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr. *Harley* never comes to *Court* at all ; somebody there asked me the reason. " Why," said I, " the lord of *Oxford* knows." He always goes to the queen by the back-stairs. I was told for certain, you jackanapes, lord *Santry* was dead, captain *Cammock* assured me so ; and now he is alive again, they say ; but that shall not do : he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. *Dick Tighe* and I meet, and never stir our hats I am resolved to mistake him for

R

Witherington,

Witherington, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the *Castle* the day I left *Ireland*. I will ask the gentleman I saw walking with him, "How long *Witherington* has been in town?"

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way: I took the first boat; and had a footman my companion; then I went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript, that Mr. secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so, is because it was done by your parson *Slap, Scrap, Flap*, (what d'ye call him) *Trap*, your chancellor's chaplain. It is called *A Character of the present set of Whigs*, and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in *Ireland*. Dr. *Freind* was with me, and pulled out a two-penny pamphlet just published, called *The State of Wit*, giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a *Whig*; yet he speaks very highly of a paper called *The Examiner*, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. *Swift*. But above all things he praises the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*; and I believe *Steele* and *Addison* were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain *Curl* has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr. *Swift's*

Swift's Miscellanies, with the name at large : and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. *Harley* told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord keeper and the rest. Since I came home, I have been sitting with the prolocutor, dean *Atterbury*, who is my neighbour over the way ; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. It is late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot : I dined with lord *Shelburne* ; and have desired Mrs. *Pratt*, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. *Walls's* tea ; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this ; I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, then walk up the *Pall-mall*, through the *Park*, out at *Buckingham-house*, and so to *Chelsea* a little beyond the *Church* : I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour ; it is two good miles and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps ; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the *Mall* in the evening, it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there ; and I always cry shame at the ladies of *Ireland*, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use, but to be *laid aside*. I have been now almost three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to *Stoyte* at *Donnybrook*, we would only take a coach to the hither end of *Stephen's Green*, and from
R 2 thence

thence go every step on foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: *DD* y goes as well as *Presto*. Every body tells me I look better already; for, faith, I looked sadly, that is certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I do not love it; faith, I hate it, but it is cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for any thing.

16. I wonder why *Presto* will be so tedious in answering *MD*'s letters; because he would keep the best to the last, I suppose. Well, *Presto* must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson *Richardson*, who came to see me, on his going to *Ireland*; and with him I send Mrs. *Walls*'s tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treasury for the *College*². I dined with lord *Shelburne* to-day; lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* are going likewise for *Ireland*.—Lord! I forgot, I dined with Mr. *Prior* to-day, at his house, with dean *Atterbury* and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I am in a fuzz, and do not know what I say, never saw the like.

17. *Sterne* came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me, "That Mrs. *Edg*

y In this passage *DD* signifies both *Dingley* and *Stella*.

2 The University of *Dublin*.

“*Worth* married a fellow in her journey to
 “*Chester* ;” so I believe she little thought of
 any body’s box but her own. I desired *Sterne*
 to give me directions where to get the box in
Chester, which he says he will to-morrow ;
 and I will write to *Richardson* to get it up
 there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is
 directed to Mrs. *Curry* : you must caution her
 of it, and desire her to send it you when it
 comes. *Sterne* says, “*Jemmy Leigh* loves
 “*London* mightily ;” that makes him stay so
 long, I believe, and not *Sterne’s* business,
 which Mr. *Harley’s* accident has put much
 backward. We expect now every day that he
 will be earl of *Oxford* and lord treasurer. His
 patent is passing ; but they say, lord keeper’s
 not yet ; at least his son, young *Harcourt*, told
 me so the other day. I dined to-day privately
 with my friend *Lewis*, at his lodgings at *White-*
ball. The other day at *Whiteball* I met a lady
 of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen
 before since I came to *England* ; we were
 mighty glad to see each other, and she has en-
 gaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is
 one Mrs. *Colledge* : she has lodgings at *White-*
ball, having been seamstress to king *William*,
 worth three hundred a year. Her father was
 a fanatic joiner, hanged for treason in *Shaftes-*
bury’s plot. This noble person and I were
 brought acquainted, some years ago, by lady
Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance :
 I love to be the worst of the company : I am
 not of those that say, “For want of company,
 “welcome trumpery.” I was this evening

with lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* at *Vauxhall*, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with colonel *Crowe*, late governor of *Barbadoes*, and your friend *Sterne* was the third: he is very kind to *Sterne*, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr. *Harley* is lord treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with dean *Atterbury* till one o'clock after I came home; so it is late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as further in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw-hats since I knew *London*. I staid at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean *Atterbury*; then went by water to Mr. *Harley's*, where the *Saturday Club* was met, with the addition of the duke of *Shrewsbury*. I whispered lord *Rivers*, "That I did not like to see a stranger among us;" and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. secretary said, "The duke writ to have leave;" so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. secretary told me, "The duke of *Buckingham* had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance." I answered, "It could not be; for he had not made

“made sufficient advances.” Then the duke of *Shrewsbury* said, “He thought that duke was not used to make advances.” I said, “I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to mens quality, and more from a duke than any other man.” The duke replied, “That he did not mean any thing of his quality;” which was handsomely said enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten to twelve Mr. *Harley* and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him; and then, walked in a fine moon-shine night, to *Chelsea*, where I got by one. Lord *Rivers* conjured me, not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what the lord keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon; but Mr. *Harley's* patent for earl of *Oxford* is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr. secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry *Whitsuntide*, and pray tell me how you pass away your time: but faith, you are going to *Wexford*, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on *Thursday*, and sooner it cannot, I have

284 LETTERS TO STELLA.

I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the *Pall-mall* a clergyman of *Ireland*, whom I love very well and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes, of *Ireland* too, who married *Nanny Swift*, uncle *Adam's* daughter, one *Perry*; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here, to get a place from *Lowndes*; because my uncle and *Lowndes* married two sisters, and *Lowndes* is a great man here in the treasury^a; but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I should be his friend to *Lowndes*, and one word of mine, &c. the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, where I keep my best gown and periwig, to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met sir *Thomas Mansel* and Mr. *Lewis* in the *Park*. *Lewis* whispered me, "That Mr. *Harley's* patent for the "earl of *Oxford* was passed in Mr. secretary " *St. John's* office;" so to-morrow or next day, I suppose, he will be declared earl of *Oxford*, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What

^a Mr. *Gay* has addressed some very humorous verses, "To my very ingenious and worthy Friend " *William Lowndes*, Esq; Author of that celebrated "Treatise in folio, called *The Land Tax Bill*." N. waiting,

waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee! yet, if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. It is late, firrahs, and I will go sleep.

23. Morning. I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town, and I will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you may not go so soon to *Wexford*.—No, you are not out in your number; the last was *Number 14*, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor *Stella*? Go to *Wexford*, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good, that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor *Stella*. *Parvisol* has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to pay you what I have drawn upon him for: he never sent me any sum before, but one bill of twenty pounds half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for *MD's* sake, as hope saved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to *Wexford*; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under a necessity of rambling the country until *Michaelmas*, faith. No, let them keep the shelves, with a pox; yet

yet they are exacting people about those four weeks ; or Mrs. *Brent* may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your dean, for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say ? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with *MD*, however, although you are at *Wexford*. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency or honour.—To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little ; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till *Fortune* take her course, and to believe that *MD's* felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I : I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that every thing here is tasteless to me for want of being as I would be. And so, a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let us see what is next, young women. Pox take Mrs. *Edgworth* and *Sterne* ! I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture ? Cannot you do with it as if it were your own ? No, I hope *Manley* will keep his place ; for I hear nothing of sir *Thomas Frankland's* losing his. Send nothing
under

under cover to Mr. *Addison*, but “To *Eras-*
mus Lewis, esq; at my lord *Dartmouth’s* office
 “at *Whitehall*.” Direct your outside so.—
 Poor dear *Stella*, do not write in the dark,
 nor in the light neither, but dictate to *Dingley*;
 she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge
 for both. Are you good company together?
 and do not you quarrel too often? Pray love
 one another, and kiss one another just now,
 as *Dingley* is reading this; for you quarreled
 this morning just after Mrs. *Marget* had poured
 water on *Stella’s* head: I heard the little bird
 say so. Well, I have answered every thing in
 your letter that required it, and yet the second
 side is not full. I will come home at night,
 and say more; and to-morrow this goes for
 certain. Go, get you gone to your own
 chambers, and let *Presto* rise like a modest
 gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I be-
 gin to sweat less in the forehead by constant
 walking than I used to do; but then I shall
 be so sun-burnt, the ladies will not like me.
 Come, let me rise, firrahs. Morrow.—At
 night. I dined with *Ford* to-day at his lodg-
 ings, and I found wine out of my own cellar,
 some of my own chest of the great duke’s
 wine: it begins to turn. They say, wine with
 you in *Ireland* is half a crown a bottle. It is
 as *Stella* says; nothing that once grows dear
 in *Ireland* ever grows cheap again, except
 corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a
 letter to-day from the archbishop of *Dublin*^b,

^b See vol. XIX. Letter XLV. N.

giving me further thanks about vindicating him to Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, and telling me a long story about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to further talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body do? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I do not know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does *Dingley* read my hand as well as ever? do you, *firrah*? Poor *Stella* must not read *Presto's* ugly small hand.

Preserve your eyes,
If you be wise.

Your friend *Walls's* tea will go in a day or two towards *Chester* by one parson *Richardson*. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catbarine*; and pray walk while you continue in *Dublin*. I expect your next but one will be from *Wexford*. God bless dearest *MD*.

24. Morning. Mr. secretary has sent his groom hirher, to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewell, &c.

Do

L E T T E R XXIII. 289

Do not I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, firrah?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that is good vile conversation.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Chelsea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that is lucky, boys; that is a sign that things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say *London, England*, because I say *Dublin, Ireland*? Is there no difference between *London* and *Dublin*, faucy boxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, firrahs.—At night. I dined with the secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr. *Harley's* patent passed this morning: he is now earl of *Oxford*, earl *Mortimer*, and lord *Harley* of *Wigmore-Castle*. My letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the public news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however, I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet wa'k I have had in a month's time that I am

here: but, however, I got to bed, after a short visit to *Atterbury*.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis* by appointment. I ordered *Patrick* to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. *Lewis*, because I designed to go to see lord *Oxford*, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I staid an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him; so he has desired me to dine with him on *Sunday*, and I must disappoint the secretary. My lord set me down at a *Coffee-house*, where I waited for the dean of *Carlisle's* chariot to bring me to *Chelsea*; for it has rained prodigiously all this afternoon. The dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of *Patrick*. I think I must send him over to you; for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown, he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds: but I will order the taylor to-morrow to stop till further orders. My lord *Oxford* cannot yet abide to be called, "My lord;" and when I called him "My lord," he called me, "Dr. *Thomas Swift*," which he always does when he has a mind to tease me. By a second hand, he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by

a second

a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw *Patrick* till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the taylor, and ordered him to stop his hand in *Patrick's* cloaths, till further orders. Oh, if it were in *Ireland*, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his cloaths. What shall I do? I wish *MD* were here to intreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady *Asburnham* has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word, she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon: so I dined with Mrs. *Vanbom-righ*, and would not go to see her at all, in a huff. My fine *Florence* is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir *Thomas Mansel* and Tom *Harley* met me in the *Park*, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten; but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows, walking to a brandy-shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first.

Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my lord *Oxford* and the ladies, the new countess, and lady *Betty*, who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone; which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded, he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me the other day from one *Stephen Gernon*, setting forth, “That
“ he formerly lived with *Harry Tennison*, who
“ gave him an employment of gauger; and
“ that he was turned out after *Harry's* death,
“ and came for *England*, and is now starving,
“ or, as he expresses it, *that the staff of life*
“ *has been of late a stranger to his appetite.*” To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for *Harry Tennison's* memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, and came back like a fool, and the dean of *Carlisle* has set with me till eleven. Lord *Oxford* has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving-day, and went to the secretary about some affairs, then visited the duke and duchess of *Ormond*; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My lord *Oxford* had the staff given him this morning; so now I must call him lord *Oxford* no more, but lord treasurer: I hope he will stick there: this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the garter.—Pr'ythee, do not you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a *Coffee-house*; you hear no more of *Addison*, *Steele*, *Henley*, lady *Lucy*, Mrs. *Finch*, lord *Somers*, lord *Halifax*, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you, the archbishop of *Dublin* has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about choosing a mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it? I have not heard any thing of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your bishop *Hickman* is dead; but nobody here will do any thing for me in *Ireland*; so they may die as fast or slow as they please.—Well, you are constant to your deans, and your *Stoyte*, and your *Walls*. *Walls* will have her tea soon; parson *Richardson* is either going or gone to *Ireland*, and has it with him. I hear Mr. *Lewis* has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little *MD*, who knows,

man? who can tell? Many a more unlikely thing has happened.—Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Write bigger, firrah*^c Presto. No, but I will not. Oh, you are a faucy rogue, Mr. *Presto*, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let *Presto* go to sleep; I have been with the dean, and it is near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, where my best gown and periwig are, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often, so I did to-day; but I got little *MD's* letter, N. 15. (you see, firrahs, I remember to tell the number) from Mr. *Lewis*, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. *Van's*; and I find *Stella* is a faucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand is in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river; and I went down with only my night-gown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk, that I resolve to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical, that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that was ever known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with lord *Shelburne*; lady

^c These words in *Italicks* are written in a large round hand.

Kerry and *Mrs. Pratt* are going to *Ireland*. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in mixed company; he left us, and went to *Court*, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new lord steward or comptroller to-morrow; I smoaked that state secret out by that accident. I will not answer your letter yet, sirrahs; no I will not, madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of *June*. I dined again with the *Vans* and sir *Andrew Fountain*. I always give them a flask of my *Florence*, which now begins to spoil, but it is near an end. I went this afternoon to *Mrs. Vedeau's*, and brought away madam *Dingley's* parchment and letter of attorney. *Mrs. Vedeau* tells me, "She has sent the bill a fortnight ago." I will give the parchment to *Ben Tooke*, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, inclosed to *Mr. Presto*. Yes, I now think your mackarel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in *Dublin*, I suppose, or at *Donnybrook*, or losing your money at *Walls'* (how does she do?)

2. I missed this day by a blunder and dining in the city ^d.

3. No boats on *Sunday*, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to *Ford's* lodging, that I was quite spent; I

^d This interlined in the original.

think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the secretary as usual, and old colonel *Graham* that lived at *Bagshot Heath*, and they said it was colonel *Graham's* house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to *London* from *Moorpark*. What, I warrant you do not remember the golden farmer neither, *Figgarkick Soley*?

4. When must we answer this letter, this N. 15. of our little *MD*? Heat and laziness, and sir *Andrew Fountain*, made me dine to-day again at Mrs. *Van's*; and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady *Betty Butler* and lady *Ashburnham* sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. *Van's*. They are very good girls; and if lady *Betty* went to *Ireland*, you should let her be acquainted with you. How does *Dingley* do this hot weather? *Stella*, I think, never complains of it; she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since *Friday* sevensnight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty *Stella*, you do so; and *Presto* cannot abide it. Be a good girl then, and I will love you; and love one another, and do not be quarreling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the duke of *Ormond*, and Mr. secretary. They say, my lord treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket; they mean, a list of those who are to be turned out of employment; and we every day now expect those changes. I passed by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord
treasurer

measurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather.—I am just this minute going to swim. I take *Patrick* down with me, to hold my night-gown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap.—So farewell till I come up; but there is no danger, do not be frightened.—I have been swimming this half hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all shrough wet, like a cold bath; but, as I dived, the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning. This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, firrahs; dear firrahs, morrow.—At night. I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with lady *Betty Germaine*, and there was the young earl of *Berkeley* and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for.—After dinner, Mr. *Bertus* would not let me put ice in my wine; but said, "My lord *Dorchester* got the bloody-flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world." Thus are we plagued, thus

298 LETTERS TO STELLA.

are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady *Berkeley* after dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not; but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady *Carteret* shewed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady *Weymouth* a visit, with some more beldames. Then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns, with lord *Pembroke*, and designed to go to lord treasurer; but it was too late, and beside I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with lady *Betty Butler* at tea, and every thing made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour, till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy *Patrick*, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after it is dark: I had none last night, I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with

with both my hands, for fear of losing it.—
Pox take the boats! Amen. It is near twelve,
and so I will answer your letter (it strikes
twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us answer
MD's letter, *N. 15, 15, 15, 15*. Now have
I told you the number? *15, 15*; there, im-
pudence, to call names in the beginning of
your letter, before you say, How do you do,
Mr. Presto?—There is your breeding!
Where is your manners, firrah, to a gentle-
man? Get you gone, you couple of jades.—
No, I never sit up late now; but this abo-
minable hot weather will force me to eat or
drink something that will do me hurt. I do
venture to eat a few strawberries.—Why then,
do you know in *Ireland* that *Mr. St. John*
talked so in parliament? Your *Whigs* are
plaguily bit; for he is entirely for their being
all-out.—And are you as vicious in snuff as
ever? I believe, as you say, it does neither
hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and
when any body offers me their box, I take
about a tenth part of what I used to do, and
then just smell to it, and privately fling the
rest away. I keep to my tobacco still^e, as
you say; but even much less of that than
formerly, only mornings and evenings, and

^e He does not mean smoaking, which he never
practised, but snuffing up cut-and-dry tobacco,
which sometimes was just coloured with *Spanish*
snuff; and this he used all his life, but would not
own that he took snuff.

300 LETTERS TO STELLA.

very seldom in the day.—As for *Joe*, I have recommended his case heartily to my lord lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. *Southwell*, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more, if he were my brother. His business will be, to apply himself to *Southwell*. And you must desire *Raymond*, if *Price of Galway* comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr. *Southwell*, as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he must be presented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about, and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the archbishop of *Dublin*. Was *Raymond* not come till *May 18*? So he says fine things of me? Certainly he lies. I am sure I used him indifferently enough; and we never once dined together, or walked, or were in any third place; only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted.—What an odd bill is that you sent of *Raymond's*! A bill upon one *Murry* in *Chester*, which depends entirely not only upon *Raymond's* honesty, but his discretion: and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should Sir *Alexander Cairnes* in *London* pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon *Murry* in *Chester*? I was at *Cairnes's*, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to
Murry,

Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then *Cairnes* may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave Sir *Thomas Frankland* the bill, who has sent it to *Chester*, and ordered the post-master there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. *Raymond* should have written to *Murry* at the same time, to desire Sir *Alexander Cairnes* to have answered such a bill, if it come. But *Cairnes's* clerks (himself was not at home) said, "they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing;" and advised me to send to *Murry*.——I have been six weeks to-day at *Chelsea*, and you know it but just now. And so dean —— thinks I write the *Medley*. Pox of his judgement! It is equal to his honesty. Then you have not seen the *Miscellany* yet. Why, it is a four shilling book: has nobody carried it over?——No, I believe *Manley* will not lose his place: for his friend in *England* is so far from being out, that he has taken a new patent since the post-office act; and his brother *Jack Manley* here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to *Southwell* in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the *Irish* folks here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send *Stella* wine if he were put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine at a time,

time, and you win eight shillings *at a time*, and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you.—Why this same *Stella* is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for *Dingley*. If you have such *Summer* there as here, sure the *Wexford* waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had *May* 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember *Berefted's* bridge; the coach jolles up and down as one goes that way, just as at *Hockley in the hole*. I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? *Will Seymor*, the general, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him; so he turns to the sun, and says, “Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, &c.” Another time, fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said, “It was such weather as pleased God:” *Seymor* said, “Perhaps it may; but I am sure it pleases nobody else.” Why, madam *Dingley*, the *First-Fruits* are done. *Southwell* told me, “They went to inquire about them; and lord treasurer said, they were done, and had been done long ago.” And I will tell you a secret you must not mention, that the duke of *Ormond* is ordered to take notice of them
in

in his speech in your parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion, “that my lord treasurer *Harley* did it many months ago, before the duke was lord lieutenant.” And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to *Wexford*, and make *Stella* well.—Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk.—*Tisdall* is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half hour he would talk with me. As for the *Examiner*, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day^f, which tells us what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day’s *Examiner* the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Observe whether the change be discovered in *Dublin*, only for your own curiosity, that is all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. *Vedeau*’s business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow. It is stewing hot, but I must rise and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, firrahs both, morrow.—At night. I dined to-day with colonel *Crowe*, governor of *Jamaica*, and your friend *Sterne*. I presented *Sterne* to my lord treasurer’s brother, and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swiftest long shower, and the most grate-

^f N^o 44, the last number which is taken into this collection. N.

ful to me, that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool, that a body is able to live; and I walked home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat with him two hours, and we were in very good humour, and he abused me, and called me *Dr. Thomas Swift* fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has mind to make me mad. Sir *Thomas Frankland* gave me to-day a letter from *Murry*, accepting my bill; so all is well: only, by a letter from *Parvisol*, I find there are some perplexities.—*Joe* has likewise written to me, to thank me for what I have done for him; and desires I would write to the bishop of *Clogher*, that *Tom Ashe* may not hinder his father & from being portrieve. I have written and sent to *Joe* several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about *Trim*. I wish them their liberty; but they do not deserve it: so tell *Joe*, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till *Saturday*; and perhaps I may go out of town with lord *Shelburne* and lady *Kerry* to-morrow for two or three days. Lady *Kerry* has written to desire it: but to-morrow I shall know further.—O this dear rain,

g Even Mr. *Joseph Beaumont*, the son, was at this time an old man, whose grey locks were venerable; consequently his father was very ancient; and yet the father lived until about the year 1719.

I cannot

I cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixt with hail.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with lady *Kerry* and lord *Shelburne*: so morrow, till an hour or two hence.—In town. I met *Cairnes*, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though, he says, I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewell, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXV,

*Chelsea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14,
15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.*

I HAVE been all this time at *Wicomb*, between *Oxford* and *London*, with lord *Shelburne*, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all public thoughts, and every thing but *MD*, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I will be revenged: I will answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from *Wicomb* with lady *Kerry* after dinner, lighted at *Hyde-Park* corner, and walked: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. secretary at his office, and there was lord treasurer: so I killed

killed two birds, &c. and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at Sir *William Wyndham's*, who married lady *Catharine Seymor*, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems, in my absence, they had erected a *Club*, and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every *Thursday*: we are yet but twelve: lord keeper and lord treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the duke of *Shrewsbury*. The end of our *Club* is, to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other *Club* in this town will be worth talking of. The solicitor-general, Sir *Robert Raymond*, is one of our *Club*; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord chancellor in favour of Dr. *Raymond*: so tell *Raymond*, if you see him; but I believe this will find you at *Wexford*. This letter will come three weeks after the last; so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes inclosed to Mr. *Reading*: and why should he know how often *Presto* writes to *MD*, pray? —I sat this evening with lady *Betty Butler* and lady *Ashburnham*, and then came home
by

by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend *Lewis*. I saw *Will Congreve* attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord treasurer; and *Congreve* told me, "That, after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c." The poor man said, "He had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c." and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me, "He esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make *Congreve* easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn every body out, and particularly *Congreve*:" which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord treasurer, I called on *Congreve* (knowing where he dined), and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language,

guage, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the dean of *Carlisle*; and I design to write a letter to lord treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves it. Yesterday's was a sad *Examiner*, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in *London* to-day: for Dr. *Gastrel* and I dined, by invitation, with the dean of *Carlisle*, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world, a meer country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days, just as I did, saucy monkies? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired-one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to *Wexford*? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the *Irish* folks are gone. *Ford* goes in three days. How does *Dingley* divert herself while *Stella* is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does *Dingley* ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I will go sleep, it is
past

past eleven, and I go early to sleep; I write nothing at night but to *MD*.

24. *Stratford* and I, and pastoral *Philips*, (just come from *Denmark*) dined at *Ford's* to-day, who paid his way, and goes for *Ireland* on *Tuesday*. The earl of *Peterborough* is returned from *Vienna* without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of *Germany*. I had a letter from him, four days ago, from *Hanover*^b, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at *Parson's Green*, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five and twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of *Shrewsbury* has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at lord *Ashburnham's* with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. *Sterne* tells me, "He has desired a friend to receive your box in *Chester*, and carry it over." I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can

^b See this Letter in vol. XIX. N^o 46.

for him to-morrow with the secretary of the treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord treasurer's. *Prior* never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commissioner of the customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour *Atterbury* in suspense about the deanry of *Christ-Church*, which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your *Wexford* expedition; and poor *Dingley* is full of carking and caring, scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in *Dublin* before you return? Do not fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink *Presto's* health in water, madam *Stella*; and in good ale¹, madam *Dingley*.

27. The secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business: he came at four, and brought *Prior* with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done: I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*; and there was Sir *Andrew Fountain* at ombre with lady *Asburnham* and

¹ The *Wexford* ale is highly esteemed, which is hinted at in this passage; and the *Wexford* waters were prescribed to *Stella*.

lady

lady *Frederick Schomberg*, and lady *Mary Schomberg*, and lady *Betty Butler*, and others, talking; and it put me in mind of the dean and *Stoyte*, and *Walls*, and *Stella* at play, and *Dingley* and I looking on. I staid with them till ten, like a fool. Lady *Ashburnham* is something like *Stella*; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our *MD's*. *Saturday* approaches, and I have not written down this side. O faith, *Presto* has been a sort of a lazy fellow: but *Presto* will remove to town this day sevensnight: the secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to *Windsor*, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day, our *Society* (it must not be called a *Club*) dined at Mr. secretary's: we were but eight; the rest sent excuses, or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements; and then I went to take leave of lady *Ashburnham*, who goes out of town tomorrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journies this *Summer*, and not be long out of *London*. The days are grown sensibly short already, all our fruit blasted. Your duke of *Ormond* is still at *Chester*; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. *Sterne's* business is quite blown up: they stand to it to send him back to the commissioners of the revenue in *Ireland* for a reference, and all my credit could

could not alter it, though I almost fell out with the secretary of the treasury, who is my lord treasurer's cousin-germain, and my very good friend. It seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. *Steele* has had the assurance to write to me, that I would engage my lord treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and *Addison* served me for my good offices in *Steele's* behalf; and I promised lord treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*. *Dilly Ashe* has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four days at lord *Pembroke's* in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at lord treasurer's, who called me Dr. *Thomas Swift* twenty times; that is his way of teasing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I will answer your little letter, sirrahs.

30. Morning. I am terribly sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk overnight that disposes me to sleep; faith, it is now striking eight, and I am but just awake. *Patrick* comes early, and wakes me five or six times; but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept
ill

ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little *MD's* letter before me, N. 16. no more, nor no less, no mistake. *Dingley* says, "This letter will not be above six lines;" and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The bishop of *Clogher* writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well: I am glad at heart *MD* rides, and rides, and rides, Our hot weather ended in *May*; and all this month has been moderate: it was then so hot, I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome: I believe a very hot country would make me stark-mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does *Stella* eat fruit? I eat a little; but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water; but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs. *Proby* goes with you to *Wexford*: she is admirable company: you will grow plaguy wife with those you frequent. Mrs. *Taylor*, and Mrs. *Proby*! take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid; but that Sir *Alexander Cairnes* is a scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. *Stratford*, who is to have the money. Now, madam *Stella*, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, firrah; and, if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope *Parvisol* will not have
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the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I will *un-par-visol* him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are! *Stella* cannot stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cock-horse, pray now. Well; but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow cannot find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, *Dingley*? *Marg'et*, where have you laid Mrs. *Johnson's* ribband to tie about her? reach me my mask: sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop: sit fast, firrah, and do not ride hard upon the stones.—Well, now *Stella* is gone, tell me, *Dingley*, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me?—No, I believe the box is not lost: *Sterne* says, it is not.—No, faith, you must go to *Wexford* without seeing your duke of *Ormond*, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise.—I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I will walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told: but I will return to lodge in town next *Thursday*. When you come from *Wexford*, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. *Benjamin Tooke*, bookseller, in *London*, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in *London*.—O madam *Stella*, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles! faith, you have galloped indeed. Well,

Well, but where is the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask *Dingley* else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith, you are a cheat. So you will see *Raymond* and his wife in town. Faith, that riding to *Laracor* gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples; which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say, "One enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good." But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let *Fate* govern.—Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust.—We have plays acted in our town; and *Patrick* was at one of them, oh oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new cloaths, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages.—I am to dine to-day with *Dilly* at Sir *Andrew Fountain's*, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and

walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late: and I have not seen that lord *Peterborough* yet. The duke of *Shrewsbury* is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now: you do not care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives, and delights; I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope faved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together! I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers.—Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, it is what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well; and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon *MD's* love and kindness.—They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me.—Pox of these speculations! they give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to. Let me alone, firrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as *MD* and *Presto* are well:

Little wealth,
And much health,
And a life by stealth:

That

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That is all we want; and so farewell, dearest *MD*; *Stella*, *Dingley*, *Presto*, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

SEE what large paper I am forced to take, to write to *MD*; *Patrick* has brought me none clipt; but, faith, the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with *Dilly* at Sir *Andrew Fountain's*: there were we wretchedly punning, and writing together to lord *Pembroke*. *Dilly* is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next (which is this) to Mr. *Curry's*, and let them send it to *Wexford*; and then the next inclosed to *Reading*. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from *Wexford*, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. *Philips*, the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord treasurer. I have now had almost all the *Whig* poets my solicitors; and I have been useful to *Congreve*, *Steele*, and *Harrison*; but I will do nothing for *Philips*; I find he is more a puppy than ever; so do not solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble lord treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

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July 1. *Dilly* lies conveniently for me when I come to town from *Chelsea* of a *Sunday*, and go to the secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the bishop, with an account that you were set out for *Wexford* the morning he writ, which was *June 26*, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick: the bishop says, you design to stay there two months or more. *Dilly* had also a letter from *Tom Ashe*, full of *Irish* news; that your lady *Linden* is dead, and I know not what besides of *Dr. Cogbill*ⁱ losing his drab, &c. The secretary was gone to *Windsor*, and I dined with *Mrs. Vanbomrigh*. Lord treasurer is at *Windsor* too; they will be going and coming all *Summer*, while the queen is there, and the town is empty, and I fear I shall be some-

ⁱ *Dr. Marmaduke Cogbill* was judge of the prerogative court in *Ireland*. About this time he courted a lady, and was soon to have been married to her; but unfortunately a cause was brought to trial before him, wherein a man was sued for beating his wife. When the matter was agitated, the doctor gave his opinion, "That although a
" man had no right to beat his wife unmercifully,
" yet that, with such a little cane or switch as he
" then held in his hand, a husband was at liberty,
" and was invested with a power, to give his wife
" moderate correction:" which opinion determined the lady against having the doctor. He died, an old man and a bachelor about thirty years ago.

times

times forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the ale-house for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to *Wexford*? did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudshoe, the next letter to *Presto* will be dated from *Wexford*. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? You are to write constantly to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoyte*: and the dean said, "Shall we never hear from you?" "Yes, Mr. dean, we will make bold to trouble you with a letter." Then at *Wexford*; when you meet a lady; "Did your waters pass well this morning, madam?" Will *Dingley* drink them too? Yes, I warrant; to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at *Wexford*. Do not lose your money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to *Windsor* in a few days; at least, the secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep, it is past twelve in our town.

2. *Sterne* came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with *Tom Harley*, the secretary of the treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me, it will almost undo him, if he fails. I called this morning to see *Will Congreve*, who lives much by himself, is
forced

forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying-glass. I have set him very well with the ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the city with Dr. *Freind*, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You two little faucy *Wexfordians*, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send them to do you good; if not, faith, next *Summer* you shall come to the *Bath*.

3. Lord *Peterborow* desired to see me this morning at nine; I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. *Manley* there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her *Atalantis*, and prosecution, &c. upon it. I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politicks: he comes home very sanguine; he has certainly done great things at *Savoy* and *Vienna*, by his negotiations: he is violent against a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, "That the ministry seems for it." He reasons well; yet I am for a peace¹. I took leave of lady *Kerry*, who goes to-morrow for *Ireland*; she picks up lord *Shelburne* and Mrs. *Pratt* at lord *Shelburne's* house. I was this

¹ These words, written in confidence to *Stella*, deserve our notice.

evening with lord treasurer; *Tom Harley* was there; and whispered me "That he began
 " to doubt about *Sterne's* business;" I told him "He would find he was in the wrong."
 I sat two or three hours at lord treasurer's; he raillied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our *Club*; and told a judge who was with us, "that my name was *Thomas*
 "*Swift.*" I had a mind to prevent Sir *H. Bellasis* going to *Spain*, who is a most covetous cur, and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so that he smokt me, and named *Bellasis*. I went on, and said, "It was a
 " shame to send him;" to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said, "There was
 " something in a treasurer different from other
 " men; that we ought not to make a man
 " a bishop who does not love divinity; or a
 " general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man
 " lord treasurer who does not love money." He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the *First-Fruits* of *England*: and I took occasion to tell him, "That I
 " would not for a thousand pounds any body
 " but he had got them for *Ireland*, who got
 " them for *England* too." He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was; I said,
 " I would have him to know, I valued a
 " thousand pounds as little as he valued a mil-
 " lion."—Is it not silly to write all this? but it gives you an idea what our conversation is
 with

with mixt company. I have taken a lodging in *Suffolk-street*, and go to it on *Thursday*; and design to walk the *Park* and the town, to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the dean. When I was almost at home, *Patrick* told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark, yet I could see one of them was from faucy *MD*. I went to visit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the bishop of *Clogher*, who tells me, "The archbishop of *Dublin* mentioned in a full assembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the *First-Fruits*; said it was done by the lord treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it:" but reading yours I find nothing of that: perhaps the bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*. Well, firrahs, you are gone to *Wexford*; but I will follow you,

4. *Sterne* came to me again this morning, to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor *Patty Rolt*, who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and, when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich, I would ease her, which a little thing

thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to *Berkhamstead* in *Hertfordshire*. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at *Chelsea*; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the dean, and ate victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I will answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine *London* answer: but first I will go sleep, and dream of *MD*.

London, July 5. This day I left *Chelsea* for good (that is a genteel phrase), and am got into *Suffolk-Street*. I dined to-day at our *Society*, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country: we dined at lord keeper's with young *Harcourt*, and lord keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with lord treasurer, who had invited the secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our company, as *George Granville* did, whom we have threatened to expel: however, in the evening I went to lord treasurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him; one of them, judge *Powel*, an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I staid till eleven, because I was not now to walk to *Chelsea*.

6. An ugly rainy day; I was to visit Mrs. *Barton*, then called at Mrs. *Vanthorpe's*, where

where Sir *Andrew Fountain* and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk: but I will do so no more. Are your waters at *Wexford* good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southwards; but I think you must ate no fruit while you drink the waters. I eat some *Kentish* cherries the other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all *June*, or since, which I reckon a mighty happiness. Have you left a direction with *Reading* for *Wexford*? I will, as I said, direct this to *Curry's*, and the next to *Reading*; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to *Wexford*? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from *Parvisol*, that *White* has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from *Joe*, that they have had their election at *Trim*, but not a word of who is chosen portrieve. Poor *Joe* is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds; and I fear so too, although I have done what I could.—I will answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy *Presto* thinks fit, sirrahs. I am not at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe.—O Lord, the two *Wexford* ladies; I will go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismaldest rainy day I ever saw; I went to the secretary in the morning, and he was gone to *Windsor*. Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, and dined, and staid till night very dull and insipid. I hate this town in *Summer*; I will leave it for a while, if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one *Tisdall*, lodges in the same house with me. *Patrick* told me, "*Squire Tisdall* and his lady "lodged here." I pretended I never heard of him; but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me, and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in *Capel-street*, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. *Freind* and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see *Will Congreve*, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. *Stratford*, who tells me, "*Sir Alexander Cairnes* makes difficulties about paying "my bill;" so that I cannot give order yet to *Parvisol* to deliver up the bond to Dr. *Raymond*. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer: that *Cairnes* is a shuffling scoundrel; and several merchants have told me so: what can one expect from a *Scot* and a fanatick? I was at *Bateman's* the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and my fin-

gers itched, as yours would do at a china-shop; but I resisted, and found every thing too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, faucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are there: I have a notion there is never a good walk in *Ireland*^m. Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about *Wexford*; they are old *English*; see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and no where else in *Ireland*ⁿ, till of late years. They say, the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord treasurer: we did not sit down till four. I dispatched three businesses with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides I made him consent to let me bring *Congreve* to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians; for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them. And I must talk over that matter with some people. My lord treasurer told me, "The queen and he between them have lost the paper about the *First-Fruits*;" but de-

^m In *Ireland* there are not public paths from place to place, as in *England*.

ⁿ They are now common every where.

fires

fires I will let the bishops know, it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour *Van*, and walked pretty well in the *Park* this evening. *Stella*, hussy, do not you remember, firrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folks affairs? I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the *Park*, to engage to speak to lord treasurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolve to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I, will not speak a word for any body. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. *Tenison*, who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half a crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young *Manley* in the city, who is to get me out a box of books and a hamper of wine from *Hamburgh*. I inquired of Mr. *Stratford*, who tells me that *Gairnes* has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young *Manley's* wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment.—I believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was,
 U 2 during

during your stay at *Wexford*, unless I may send my letters every second time to *Curry's*; pray let me know. This, I think, shall go there: or why not to *Wexford* itself? That is right, and so it shall this next *Tuesday*, although it costs you ten pence. What care I?

13. This toad of a secretary is come from *Windsor*, and I cannot find him; and he goes back on *Sunday*, and I cannot see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr. *Lewis* and a parson; and then went to see lord treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smookt each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a week: he has invited me to *Windsor*, and betwixt two stools, &c. I will go live at *Windsor*, if possible, that is pozzz. I have always the luck to pass my *Summer* in *London*. I called this evening to see poor Sir *Matthew Dudley*, a commissioner of the customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. *Dilly* was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at *Kensington* on *Sunday* with lord *Mountjoy*, who goes soon for *Ireland*. Your late chief justice *Broderick* is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at *Wexford*? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me *Wexford* news, and love *Presto*, because he is a good boy.

14. Al-

14. Although it was shaving-day, I walked to *Chelsea*, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of *Carlisle* and I crost the water to *Battersea*, and went in his chariot to *Greenwich*, where we dined at Dr. *Gastrell's*, and passed the afternoon at *Lewisham*, at the dean of *Canterbury's* °; and there I saw *Moll Stanhope*, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this Summer about *London*, and they are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four *per cent.* by the whispers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to *Wexford*? What, not one single book? Oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with Sir *Andrew Fountain* and *Dilly* at *Kensington* with lord *Mountjoy*; and in the afternoon *Stratford* came there, and told me my two hundred pounds were paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it: and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I will have my other hundred pounds there, that is in *Hawksshaw's* hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered *Parvisol* to do it. What makes *Presto* write so crooked? I will answer your letter to-

° Dr. *George Stanhope*; a name that will ever be dear to the admirers of genuine piety. N.

morrow, and send it on *Tuesday*. Here is hot weather come again, yesterday and to-day: fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at *Kensington* to-day. I almost repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I will answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in *June*, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country, to be king of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with *Raymond*, and all to affront *Presto*! *Presto* will be suspicious of every thing but *MD*, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair, madam *Stella*, how you gallop away, in your spleen and your rage, about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and fix-pence a dozen, and nasty *England*, and *Laracor* all my life. Hey-dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord keeper told me some months ago, "He would give me one when I pleased;" but I told him, "I would not take any from him:" and the secretary told me the other day, "He had refused a very good one for me;" but
it

it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting any thing here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. *Addison*, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these four months.—O aye, that is true *Dingley*; that is like herself: millions of busineses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a *Wexford* letter; but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs. F——; it makes me love *England* less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so it is odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there are some things for me, that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for ——; that scoundrel —— will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. *Walls* has got her tea: I hope *Richardson* staid in *Dublin* till it came. Mrs. *Walls* needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love with her at all. No, I do not like any thing in the *Examiner* after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th; all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgement is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am

more sorry for than you think : and I have spent fourteen years in improving you to little purpose. (Mr. *Tooke* is come here, and I must stop.)—At night. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine ; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. *Green*, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast ; that is, put on a plaster, which is still requisite : and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen ; but he cut me short with this saying, *Laissez faire a Don Antoine* ; which is a *French* proverb, expressing, *Leave that to me*. I find he is against her taking much physick ; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr. *Radcliffe*. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the secretary this morning, and we both think to go to *Windsor* for some days, to dispatch an affair, if we can have leisure. *Sterne* met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to *Femmy Leigh*, who loves *London* dearly : he asked after you with great respect and friendship.—To return to your letter. Your bishop *Mills* hates me mortally : I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where

where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho: you had a fine, supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants.—It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to *Wexford*; you were three days going, and I do not expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the *Gazette* for *Ben Tooke* this morning from Mr. secretary: it will be worth to him a hundred pounds a year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. *Barton*, who is going into the country; and I dined with Sir *John Stanley*, where I have not been this great while. There dined with us lord *Rochester*, and his fine daughter, lady *Jane*, just growing a top-toast. I have been endeavouring to save Sir *Matthew Dudley*, but fear I cannot. I walked the *Mall* six times to-night for exercise, and would have done more; but, as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to *Wexford*, like a dog.

19. Dean *Atterbury* sent to me to dine with him at *Chelsea*: I refused his coach, and walked, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing, *Patrick* tells me, “The maid “says, one Mr. *Walls*, a clergyman, a tall “man, was here to visit me.” Is it your *Irish* archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make shift to see him seldom enough, as I do *Dilly*. What can he do here? or is it

334 LETTERS TO STELLA.

somebody else? The duke of *Newcastle* is dead by the fall he had from his horse. God send poor *Stella* her health, and keep *MD* happy! Farewell, and love *Presto*, who loves *MD* above all things ten million of times. God bless the dear *Wexford* girls. Farewell again, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXVII.

London, July 19, 1711.

I HAVE just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write; (pshaw, I began too high) but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg: to-morrow I will say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that *Walls* has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. *Dilly* carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand; and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord *Peterborow*, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with lord treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer, who would needs take me along with

p Lord privy seal; in which office he was succeeded by Dr. *Robinson*, bishop of *Bristol*. N,

him

him to *Windsor*, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire lord *Forbes* to call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to *Windsor* by his servant. I lay last night at the secretary's lodgings at *Windsor*, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr. *Masbam*; and not hearing any thing of my things, I got lord *Winchelsea* to bring me to town. Here I found that *Patrick* had broke open the closet to get my linen and night-gown, and sent them to *Windsor*, and there they are; and he, not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith, it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on *Saturday* night. *Patrick* lay out last night, and is not yet returned: faith, poor *Presto* is a desolate creature; neither servant, nor linen, nor any thing. —Night. Lord *Forbes's* man has brought back my portmantua, and *Patrick* is come; so I am in *Christian* circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolick again. I just crept out to Mrs. *Van's*, and dined, and staid there the afternoon: it has rained all this day, *Windsor* is a delicious place: I never saw it before, except for an hour about seventeen years ago. *Walls* has been here in my absence, I suppose, to take his leave; for he

designed not to stay above five days in *London*. He says, "He and his wife will come here " for some months next year;" and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and *Walls* overtook me in the street, and told me, "He was just getting on horse-back for *Chester*." He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in *Aldersgate-street*: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor *MD* doing now? how do you pass your time at *Wexford*? how do the waters agree with you? Let *Presto* know soon; for *Presto* longs to know, and must know. Is not madam *Proby* curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of *Wexford*; the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor *Dingley* never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had; the butter is stark-naught, except an old *English* woman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now and then! I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this forenoon with Mr. secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The under-secretary was willing to save him, upon

upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished : but I told the secretary, " He could not pardon him, without a favourable report from the judge ;" besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else ; and so he shall swing. What, I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex ! It is true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before ; but what care I for that ? What, must a woman be ravished because she is a whore ! —The secretary and I go on *Saturday* to *Windsor* for a week. I dined with lord treasurer, and staid with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman : so I talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the fight ; for he was going to chide me away : I had never been there but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many *Whigs* as *Tories*. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now ; and it is late.

26. Mr. *Adison* and I have at last met again. I dined with him and *Steele* to-day at young *Jacob Tonson's*. The two *Jacobs* think it is I who have made the secretary take from them the printing of the *Gazette*, which they are going to lose, and *Ben Tooke*
and

and another 9 are to have it. *Jacob* came to me the other day, to make his court; but I told him, "It was too late, and that it was not my doing." I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr. *Addison* and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and *Steele* and I were very easy, although I writ him lately a biting letter, in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, firrah. Do they give you a stomach? do you eat heartily?—We have had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and saw poor *Patty Rolt*, and gave her a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. *Patrick* the puppy put too much ink in my standish, and, carrying too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, wet, and empty: *Wexford* is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that poor little *MD* finds it so, I reckon upon going to *Windsor* to-morrow with Mr. secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him, I shall stay there a week, I hope.

9 Mr. Barber.

28. Morn-

28. Morning. Mr. secretary sent me word, he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to *Windsor*; so I must dine no-where; and I promised lord treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at *Windsor* at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left *Patrick* to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two.—*Windsor*, at night. We did not leave *London* till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said, “He staid an hour for me.” Then I went and sat with Mr. *Lewis* till just now, and it is past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary’s houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the *Castle*. Do you think that abominable dog *Patrick* was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment, for fear the chariot should come? and when he came in, he had not put up one rag of my things! I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from *Whitehall* to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord treasurer’s servants gave me a letter to-night; I found it was from *****, with an offer of fifty pounds, to be paid me in what manner I pleased;

pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage; but my friend *Lewis* cooled me, and said, it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take any thing. Well, I will go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor *Wexford MD*, and *Stella* that drinks water, and *Dingley* that drinks ale.

21. I was at *Court* and church to-day, as I was this day sevensnight: I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. *Windsor* is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the *Gazette* for *Ben Tooke* and one *Barber* a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. The other fellow was printer of the *Examiner*, which is now laid down. I dined with the secretary, we were a dozen in all, three *Scotch* lords, and lord *Peterborough*. Duke *Hamilton* would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance, that on *Sundays* much company always meet at the great tables. Lord treasurer told at *Court*, what I said to Mr. secretary on this occasion. The secretary shewed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. "Poh," said I, "shew

“ shew me a bill of company, for I value not
 “ your dinner.” See how this is all blotted^r,
 I can write no more here, but to tell you I
 love *MD* dearly, and God blefs them.

30. In my conscience, I fear I shall have the
 gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet
 and toes; I never drank till within these two
 years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit
 evenings with some of these people, and drink
 in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink
 ten times less than before; but they advise me
 to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put
 water to it^s. *Tooke* and the printer stayed
 to-day to finish their affair; and treated me,
 and two of the under-secretaries, upon their
 getting the *Gazette*. Then I went to see lord
 treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice
 of me at *Windsor*. He said, “ He kept a place
 “ for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me
 “ there;” but I was glad I did not go, be-

^r This refers to the ink mentioned above, which
 blotted his paper.

^s This advice appears to be reasonable, either
 because that, when wine is mixed with water, the
 particles of it, being diluted, insinuate themselves
 with greater facility into more vessels of the body,
 and into channels that pure wine could not readily
 get admittance into; and therefore its effects are
 more difficult to be shaken off: or because that,
 wine being of a hot nature, as it digests every thing
 else, so it digests itself; but, when mixed with water,
 it has a contrary effect. Vid. *Aristot. Problem. Sect.*
 3. Prob. 3. Consult also Prob. 14, 22.

cause

cause the duke of *Buckingham* was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr. *Masbam's*, and there stayed till past one o'clock; and that is late, firrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*: I wish you had it, firrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt; but, finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach; she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like *Jehu*, and is a mighty hunter, like *Nimrod*. *Dingley* has heard of *Nimrod*, but not *Stella*, for it is in the *Bible*. I was to-day at *Eaton*, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my lord *Kerry's* son, who is at school there. Mr. secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I cannot send it to *MD*. It is a sad thing, faith, considering how *Presto* loves *MD*, and how *MD* would love *Presto's* venison for *Presto's* sake. God bless the two dear *Wexford* girls!

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to *London*; it was mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two
miles

miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence, and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his under-secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him: it is late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at *Windsor*, and *Patrick* has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had cloaths that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip-hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The duchess of *Shrewsbury* asked him, was not that Dr. Dr. and she could not say my name in *English*, but said Dr. *Presto*, which is *Italian* for *Swift*. Whimsical enough, as *Billy Swift* says. I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at *Buckleberry*, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on *Sunday* morning. I will leave this letter behind me locked up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the bishop of *Clogher*, who is coming up to his parliament. Have you any correspondence with him to *Wexford*? Methinks, I now long for a letter from you, dated *Wexford*, *July 24*, &c.

&c. O Lord, that would be so pretending; and then, says you, *Stella* cannot write much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet, whether it be the journey or the waters. *Presto* is so silly to-night; yes he be; but *Presto* loves *MD* dearly, as hope fayed.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to *Buckleberry*; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good-morrow, &c.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at *Buckleberry*, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve, in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr. secretary was a perfect country gentleman at *Buckleberry*; he smoaked tobacco with one or two neighbours; he inquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds, and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is descended from *Jack Newbury*, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed and shaved, and went to *Court*, and would not dine with the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. *Lewis*,
and

and one friend more. We go to *London* to-morrow; for lord *Dartmouth*, the other secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord treasurer comes every *Saturday* to *Windsor*, and goes away on *Monday* or *Tuesday*. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk; and I told him, "I would stay this week at *Windsor* by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them." Lord treasurer and the secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me, "They had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said, she had never heard of me." I told them, "That was their fault, and not hers, &c." and so we laughed. I dined with the secretary, and let him go to *London* at five without me; and here am I alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr. secretary has taken; only Mr. *Lewis* is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The vice-chamberlain, and Mr. *Masbam*, and the green-cloth, have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till Mr. secretary returns. We have a music meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was *Margarita*, and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr. *Lewis* came from it, and sat with me till just now; and it is late,

7. I can do no business, I fear, because Mr. *Lewis*, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen-ushers, among scurvy company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at *Court*; but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green-cloth, by Mr. *Scarborough's* invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in *England*, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at *Windsor* or *Hampton-Court*; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. *Coke*, the vice-chamberlain, made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner; but the toast, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to lady *Sunderland*. Lord treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie at his lodgings in the *Castle*; and, after seeing the queen, went back again. I just drank a

dish

dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon: but what care I; I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt.—This night I received a certain letter from a place called *Wexford*, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but, faith, I will not answer it here, no in troth. I will send this to Mr. *Reading*, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. vice-chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr. *Arbutnot*, the queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to shew me the places: we went a little after the queen, and overtook miss *Forester*, a maid of honour, on her palfry, taking the air; we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and miss *Forester* stood, like us, with her hat off while the queen went by. The doctor and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors; and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back, I found Mr. *Scarborow* had sent all about to invite me to the green cloth, and lessened his company, on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this
twelvemonth.

twelvemonth. And miss *Forester* did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewell, and God preserve dearest *MD*.

I believe I shall leave this town on *Monday*.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Windsor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my twenty-seventh this morning in an express to *London*, and directed to Mr. *Reading*: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a visit, I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the green-cloth, where every body had been at the race but myself, and we were twenty in all; and very noisy company: but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side-table, to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the secretary, who is returned; but lord keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I stayed till just now; lord treasurer and secretary were to come to us, but both failed. It is late, &c.

12. I

12. I was this morning to visit lord keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never visited him at *Windſor*. He had a preſent ſent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing and champing, but I durſt not eat one; I wiſhed *Dingley* had ſome of them, for poor *Stella* can no more eat fruit than *Preſto*. *Dilly Aſbe* is come to *Windſor*; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treaſurer, on purpoſe to ſhew them to him; and he ſaw the queen and ſeveral great lords, and the duchefs of *Montagu*; he was mighty happy, and reſolves to fill a letter to the biſhop^t. My friend *Lewis* and I dined ſoberly with Dr. *Adams*, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now lord *Willoughby of Broke*, and will ſit in the houſe of lords with his gown. I ſupped to-night at *Maſham's* with lord treaſurer, Mr. ſecretary, and *Prior*. The treaſurer made us ſtay till twelve, before he came from the queen, and it is now paſt two.

13. I reckoned upon going to *London* to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not ſit laſt night, and ſat to-day, ſo we go to-morrow at fix in the morning. I miſſed the race to-day by coming out too late, when every body's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my laſt riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the ſecretary's lodgings

Of Clogher.

X

without

without him: Mr. *Hare*, his under-secretary, Mr. *Lewis*, brigadier *Sutton*, and I, dined together; and I made the vice-chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the cabinet council was not held last night was, because Mr. secretary *St. John* would not sit with your duke of *Somerset*. So to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have music-meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal the other day; but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*, sent me the Lord knows how. He says, "Some of the bishops will hardly believe that lord treasurer got the queen to remit the *First-Fruits* before the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant; and that the bishops have written a letter to lord treasurer, to thank him." He has sent me the address of the convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had less share in it than *MD*; for if, it had not been for *MD*, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief, with a printer^u. I found Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neigh-

^u The pamphlet mentioned in p. 358. N.
bourhood

bourhood a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to *Ireland* to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Van*, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at fix to see lord treasurer; but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in haste. He desired me to dine with him on *Friday*, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my lord *Harley* told me, when he was gone, "That it was Mrs. *Masbam* his father meant, "who is come to town to lie-in, and whom I "never saw, though her husband is one of our "*Society*." God send her a good time! her death would be a terrible thing.—Do you know, that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers, to clear some misunderstandings betwixt them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? It is a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. It is a pity the world does not know my virtue.—I thought the clergy in convocation in *Ireland* would have given me thanks for being their solicitor; but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush? but at my return shall freely let all people know, that it was my lord treasurer's action, wherein the duke of *Ormond* had no more share than a

eat. And so they may go whistle, and I will go sleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at *Pontack's* with *Stratford*, and two other merchants. *Pontack* told us, "Although his wine" was so good, he sold it cheaper than others;" he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from *Hamburgh* are come, but not yet got out of the custom-house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to *Windsor* again on *Saturday*, to meet our *Society*, who are to sup at Mr. secretary's; but I believe I shall return on *Monday*, and then I will answer your letter, that lies here safe underneath;—I see it; lie still: I will answer you, when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord treasurer's with Mrs. *Masbam*, and she is extremely like one Mrs. *Malolly*, that was once my landlady in *Trim*. She was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite. It signifies nothing going to this lord treasurer about business, although it be his own. He was in haste, and desires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old *Scotch* fanatick, and the damndest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend *Patrick* to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain, you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windsor,

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and he would make me go with him to *Windsor*, although I was engaged to the secretary, to whom I made my excuses; we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in-law, lord *Harley*, and lord *Dupplin*, who are two of our society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the secretary. It was past nine before we got here; but a fine moon-shiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on *Monday*. It is very late.

19. The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. *Masbam's*; we had none but our society members, six in all, and I supped with lord treasurer. The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds, to go on with the building at *Blenheim*, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the *French* lines. Lord treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. *Van's*, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at *Wexford*; and are not you glad at heart you have got home safe to your lodgings at *St. Mary's*, pray? And so your friends come to visit you; and Mrs. *Walls* is much better of her eye; and the dean is just as he used to be; and what does *Walls* say of *London*? it is a

reasoning coxcomb. And goody *Stoyte*, and *Hannah* what do ye call her; no, her name is not *Hannah*, *Catbarine* I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again! and Mrs. *Manley* wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbishop of *Dublin*, and inclosed a long politic paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry (smoak the wax candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the *First-Fruits* were got by lord treasurer before the duke of *Ormond* was governor. I told lord treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again, by telling him, "They were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here; but thought all was well enough, if they complimented the duke of *Ormond*." Lord treasurer gave me the other day a letter of thanks he received from the bishops of *Ireland*, signed by seventeen; and says, "He will write them an answer." The dean of *Carlisle* sat with me to-day till three; and I went to dine with lord treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was left in the luds. It was almost four, and I got to sir *Matthew Dudley*, who had half dined. *Thornhill*, who killed sir *Cholmley Dering*, was murdered by two men, on *Turnham Green*, last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him, remember sir *Cholmley Dering*. They had quarreled at *Hampton-Court*, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a *Grubstreet* paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through *Turnham-Green*

ham-Green the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or or three days. I intended to dine at lord treasurer's, but went to see lady *Abercorn*, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited lord treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by *White's Chocolate-house*, my brother *Masbam* called me, and told me, "His wife was brought to-bed of a boy, and both very well." (Our society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr. *Garth* told us, "That Mr. *Henley* is dead of an apoplexy." His brother-in-law, earl *Poulet*, is gone down to *The Grange*, to take care of his funeral. The earl of *Danby*, the duke of *Leeds's* eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at *Utrecht* of the small-pox.— I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters.—Methinks this letter goes on slowly; it will be a fortnight next *Saturday* since it was begun, and one tide not filled. O fye for shame, *Presto!* Faith, I am so tofficated to and from *Windsor*, that I know not what to say; but faith, I will go to *Windsor* again on *Saturday*, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again, now you are come home; do, firrah.

Take your magnifying glass; madam *Dingley*.

You shall not read this, firrah *Stella*; do not read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There

There is enough for this side; these ministers hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, faucy *MD*.

Silly, impudent loggerhead *Presto*.

23. *Dilly* and I dined to-day with lord *Abercorn*, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side: and after dinner *Dilly* won half a crown of me at backgammon at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year; but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in *Winter*. The grapes are sad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs. *Walls's* tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of *MD*, madam *Dingley*, as it stands since *November*, that is to say, for this year (excluding the twenty pounds lent *Stella* for *Wexford*), for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that *Hawksbarw's* interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let *Parvisol* know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and so go play with the dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good night, firrahs, and love *Presto*, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday, for it seems I did not understand his invitation: and their *Club* of the ministry dined together,
and

and expected me. Lord *Radnor* and I were walking the *Mall* this evening; and Mr. secretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believed it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen: so goes the world! *Prior* has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in *France*, and I half believe it. It is said, he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures towards a peace. The secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, desire that the queen's answer to the commons address might express a dislike of some principles, &c.; but was answered dubiously.—And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in *Stella's* hand. But why *Dingley* drinks them, I cannot imagine; but truly she will drink waters as well as *Stella*: why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned; pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. It is now past the middle of *August*; so by your reckoning you are in *Dublin*. It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between *Dublin* and *Wexford*, after escaping the salt

salt seas. I will write no more to that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four *Sundays* together at *Windsor*, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow; for I will not, unless the secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons so very pretty. The *Examiner* has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a letter to the seven lords who examined *Gregg*. The *Answer* is by the real author of the *Examiner*, as I believe; for it is very well written. We had *Trap's* poem on the duke of *Ormond* printed here, and the printer sold just eleven of them. It is a dull piece, not half so good as *Stella's*; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. *Parnell's* death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. *Dilly* is not tired at all with *England*, but intends to continue here a good while: he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in disguise to a play; smokes his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows. I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin,

thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I will be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak to lord treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the treasurer, adding, "The knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows." *Cole Reading's* father-in-law has been two or three times at me, to recommend his Lights to the ministry; assuring me, that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered *Patrick* to deny me constantly to him.—Did the bishop of *London* die in *Wexford*? poor gentleman! Did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends? But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned: I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the bishop of *London*? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say,

say, these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks?—Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. Oh faith, says you, faucy *Presto*, I will break your head; what, cannot one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? Are these your *English* tricks, with a murrain? And *Sacheverell* will be the next bishop? He would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has; and that is more than they will give him, for aught I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not: but my lord keeper owned it to me the other day. No, Mr. *Addison* does not go to *Ireland* this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to *Bath* with Pastoral *Philips*, for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again, after your rambles to *Wexford*, and mine to *Windsor*. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the *Mall* to-night with lord *Radnor*; but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. *Tisdall* (that lodges with me) and I have
had

had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets. There is a cousin of his (I suppose), a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. *Dick Tighe* and his wife lodged over-against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times: they are both gone to *Ireland*, but not together; and he solemnly vows, never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to say, that she has a tongue: in short, I am told, she is the most urging provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to resent. I will keep this bottom till to-morrow: I am sleepy.

25. I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to *Windsor* in a chariot with lord keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home; but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the *Gazette*, and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bell-man. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to *Oxford*, as I promised.—They say, it is certain that *Prior* has been in *France*; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest *MD*, for a while; for I must begin
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my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love *Presto*. There is now but one business the ministry want me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear firrahs, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with *MD*, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewell again, dearest rogues; I am never happy, but when I write or think of *MD*. I have enough of *Courts* and ministries; and wish I were at *Laracor*: and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. *Bernage* came to see me to-day; he is just landed from *Portugal*, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life: he never saw *London* nor *England* before; he is ravished with *Kent*, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXIX.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper, to write to *MD*. I have this moment sent my 28th by *Patrick*, who tells me he has put it in the post-office; it is directed to your

your lodgings: if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days since the date of your last, N. 18; and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houses, all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss: and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest, with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, firrahs; for *Presto* is going to be very busy; not *Presto*, but the other I.

26. People have so left the town, that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at *London* upon a *Sunday*; and the ministers are all at *Windsor*. It cost me eighteen pence in coach-hire, before I could find a place to dine in. I went to *Frankland's*, and he was abroad, and the drab his wife looked out at window, and bowed to me without inviting me up: so I dined with Mr. *Coote*, my lord *Montrath's* brother; my lord is with you in *Ireland*. This morning at five my lord *Jersey* died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was chamberlain to king *William*, and a great favourite; turned out by the queen as a *Tory*; and stood now fair to be privy-seal; and by his death will, I suppose, make that matter easier, which

has been a very stubborn business at *Court*, as I have been informed. I never remember so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.

27. I went to-day into the city, to thank *Stratford* for my books, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. *Wesley* for some things I am to buy for her; and the d— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in *Summer*! and yet I am so unlucky that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in *Summer*, and return so late in *Winter*, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is *Autumn* this good while in *St. James's Park*; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched: I hate this season, where every thing grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat. Had you any fruit at *Wexford*? A few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy-seal. The *Whigs* whisper, that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. secretary: they have some reasons for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The *Whigs* are mighty full of hopes at present; and whatever
is

is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the secretary about *Prior's* journey. I should be apt to think it may foretell a peace; and that is all we have to preserve us. The secretary is not come from *Windsor*; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all po-ticks!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to *Chelsea*, and dined with the dean of *Carlisle*, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of *Christ-church* in *Oxford*. I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and the consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanry, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right.—When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Mr. *Lewis*, who is now at *Windsor*; and in it, forsooth, another which looked like *Presto's* hand; and what should it be but a 19th from *MD*? O faith, I scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on *Saturday*; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from *Wexford*, that is certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear faucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; are not you?

29. I dined to-day with lord *Abercorn*, and took my leave of them; they set out to-morrow for *Chester*, and, I believe, will now fix in *Ireland*. They have made a pretty good journey of it: his eldest son is married to a

lady with ten thousand pounds; and his second son has, the other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord treasurer, who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will shew me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in *Ireland*. The archbishop of *Dublin* desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would send; but I sent him word, I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says, "It would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the *First-Fruits* were granted before the duke of *Ormond* was declared governor;" and I writ to him, "That I would not give a farthing to convince them." My lord treasurer began a health to my lord privy-seal: *Prior* punned, and said, "It was so *privy*, he knew not who it was;" but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy-seal, faucy fluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was surprized with the news, that the bishop of *Bristol* is made lord privy-seal. You know his name is *Robinson*, and that he was many years envoy in *Sweden*. All the friends of the present ministry are extremely glad, and the clergy

clergy above the rest. The *Whigs* will fret to death, to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my lord treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me, "He would not offer to send it without shewing it to me: he thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair." We had much company; lord *Rivers*, *Mar*, and *Kinnoul*, Mr. secretary, *George Granville*, and *Masbam*; the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow sevennight; and on *Saturday* I go to *Windsor* with Mr. secretary.

31. *Dilly* and I walked to-day to *Kensington* to lady *Mountjoy*, who invited us to dinner. He returned soon, to go to a play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at *Kensington*: *Ophy Butler's* wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here, and little known in *Ireland*.—I am apt to think we shall soon have a peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you, "That it is now known that Mr. *Prior* has been lately in *France*." I will make a printer of my own fit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of *Prior's* journey, with several particulars, all

pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

Sept. 1. Morning. I go to-day to *Windsor* with Mr. secretary; and lord treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time; and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust.—At night. *Windsor.* The secretary and I dined to-day at *Parson's-green*, at my lord *Peterborough's* house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town; and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig; but I brought a basket full to my friend *Lewis* here at *Windsor*. Does *Stella* never eat any? what, no apricots at *Donnybrook*! nothing but claret and ombre! I envy people maunching and maunching^s peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stiff; but, if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide and two miles long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at *Windsor*? I was once, a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

^s As the provincial word *maunching* echoes rather better to this action of the jaws than the proper term *munching*, it is therefore here retained.

2 The

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but receive the sacrament there; as she always does the first *Sunday* in the month. Yet we had a great *Court*; and, among others, I saw your *Ingoldsby*, who, seeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treasurer, &c. came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of *Bouchain*. I told him, "I could not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should;" so I went and fetched *Sutton* (who brought over the express about a month ago), and delivered him to the general, and bid him answer his questions; and so I left them together. *Sutton* after some time comes back in a rage, finds me with lord *Rivers* and *Masbam*, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore, "He had been plagued to death with *Ingoldsby's* talk." But he told me, "*Ingoldsby* asked him, what I meant by bringing him;" so, I suppose, he smoaked me a little. So we laughed, &c. My lord *Willoughby*, who is one of the chaplains, and prebendary of *Windsor*, read prayers last night to the family; and the bishop of *Bristol*, who is dean of *Windsor*, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular; and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr. *Masbam*, because he lets me have a select company: for the *Court* here have got by the end a good thing I said to the secretary some weeks ago. He shewed me his bill of fare, to tempt me to dine with him. "Poh,"

said I, "I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company." Lord treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it every body as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow: they say, the bishop will then have the privy-seal delivered him at a great council.

3. *Windsor* still. The council was held so late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The bishop was sworn privy-counsellor, and had the privy-seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord *Raby*, who is earl of *Strafford*, is on *Thursday* to marry a name-sake of *Stella's*; the daughter of Sir *H. Johnson* in the city; he has threescore thousand pounds with her, ready money; besides the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend *Stratford* to be one of the directors of the *South Sea* company, who were named to-day. My lord treasurer did it for me a month ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the *Gazette*, I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. *Lewis* and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with lord treasurer, keeper, &c. and took occasion to mention the printer. I said, "It was the same printer, whom my lord treasurer has appointed to print for the *South Sea* company." He denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

London, 4. I came as far as *Brentford* in lord *Rivers's* chariot, who had business with lord

lord treasurer; then I went into lord treasurer's: we stopt at *Kensington*, where lord treasurer went to see Mrs. *Masbam*, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at lord treasurer's; who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of *Prior's* journey to *France*. I walked from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horridly dusty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as *Winter*: it is very refreshing after ten days dry.—I went into the city, and dined with *Stratford*, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished *Prior's* journey at the printer's; and came home pretty late, with *Patrick* at my heels.

7. Morning. But what shall we do about this letter of *MD's*, *N. 19*? not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent? I cannot do any thing in it, sweethearts, till night.—At night. O Lord, O Lord! the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to *Presto*. What do you think? but, when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from *MD*, *N. 20*, dated *Dublin*. O dear, O dear! O sad,

O fad !—Now I have two letters together to answer : here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first ; for I came in late. I dined with my friend *Lewis* at his lodgings, and walked at six to *Kensington* to Mrs. *Masbam*'s son's christening. It was very private ; nobody there but my lord treasurer, his son and son-in-law, that is to say, lord *Harley* and lord *Dupplin*, and lord *Rivers* and I. The dean of *Rocheſter* christened the child, but soon went away. Lord treasurer and lord *Rivers* were god-fathers ; and Mrs. *Hill*, Mrs. *Masbam*'s sister, god-mother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. *Masbam* joy of it ; and she charged me to take care of my nephew, because, Mr. *Masbam* being a brother of our society, his son, you know, is consequently a nephew. Mrs. *Masbam* sat up dressed in bed, but not, as they do in *Ireland*, with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the middle ; for you might see the counterpain (what d'ye call it ?) rise about her hips and body. There is another name of the counterpain ; and you will laugh now, sirrahs. *George Granville* came in at supper, and we stayed till eleven ; and lord treasurer set me down at my lodging in *Suffolk-street*. Did I ever tell you that lord treasurer hears all with the left ear, just as I do ? He always turns the right ; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6, You must read this before the other; for I mistook, and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant. I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and sat the evening with lord treasurer till ten o'clock. On *Thursdays* he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good-night for last night, &c.

8. Morning. I go to *Windsor* with lord treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me, to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, N. 19. You are still at *Wexford*, as you say, madam *Dingley*. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so *Inish-Cortby*^t, and the river *Slainy*; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like *Dingley's*, you scrambling, scattering, sluttekin! *Yes mighty like indeed, is not it^u?* Piffhh, do not talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have *Dingley* read sometimes to you, that you may not lose the desire of it. God be thanked, that the ugly numbing is gone! Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra^w which Dr. *Elwood* and you play at? is it the *Spanish*

^t The name of a town in the county of *Wexford*.

^u These words in *Italics* are written in strange, mis-shapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of *Stella's* writing.

^w In *Stella's* spelling. It is an odd thing, that a woman of *Stella's* understanding should spell extremely ill.

game ombre? Your card-purse? you a card-purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a devil! is that eight-shilling tea-kettle copper, or tin japanned? It is like your *Irish* politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep, to convince me that *Walls* has no taste! My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear firrah *Stella*, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So *Dingley* cannot write, because of the clutter of new company come to *Wexford*! I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What! you are afraid of losing in *Dublin* the acquaintance you have got in *Wexford*, and chiefly the bishop of *Rapheo*, an old, doating, perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam *Dingley*, you are apt to lie in your Travels, though not so bad as *Stella*; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.—So, Dr. *Elwood* says, “There are a world of pretty things in “my Works.” A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The duke of *Buckingham* would say as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse out of roguery.—No,
it

it is not your pen is bewitched, madam *Stella*, but your old *scrawling, splay-foot pot-books**, s, s, aye that is it: there the s, s, s, there, there, that is exact. Farewell, &c.

Our fine weather is gone; and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, it is shaving-day, and I have much to do.

When *Stella* says her pen was bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know, the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds indorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accompts stand, that they may be adjusted by *Nov. 1.* Pray be very particular; but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included: so make no blunder. I will not wrong you; nor you shall not wrong me; that is the short. O Lord, how stout *Presto* is of late! But he loves *MD* more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and that I will swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c. &c.

I open my letter once more, to tell *Stella*, that, if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I

* These words in *Italics* are miserably scrawled, in imitation of *Stella's* hand, and the two *Esses* that follow.

376 LETTERS TO STELLA.

should not live, if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this, to oblige poor *Presto*.

L E T T E R X X X.

Windsor, Sept. 8, 1711.

I MADE the coachman stop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter past eight; but the *Moon* shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr. *Masbam*, and Dr. *Arbuthnot*, the queen's favourite physician, a *Scotchman*. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear; but, at parting, he told me, "I had got my nap already." It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was so great, I could not see her. I dined with my brother Sir *William Windham*, and some others of our society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at *Windsor*, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at lord-treasurer's, which was lord keeper, Mr. secretary, *George Granville*,

Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot, and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day; and that I do not love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said they are wholesome, and you know a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have staid a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on *Saturday*, when our Society are to meet at supper at Mr. secretary's. My life is very regular here: on *Sunday* morning I constantly visit lord keeper, and sup at lord treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

London, 10. Lord treasurer and *Masham* and I left *Windsor* at three this afternoon; we dropped *Masham* at *Kensington* with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I stayed till past eleven. *Patrick* came home with the secretary: I am more plagued with *Patrick* and my portmantua than with myself. I forgot to tell you, that, when I went to *Windsor* on *Saturday*, I overtook lady *Giffard* and Mrs. *Fenton* in a chariot, going, I suppose, to *Sheen*. I was then in a chariot too, of lord treasurer's brother, who had business with the treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at *Turnham-green*, four miles from *London*; and then the brother went back, and I
went

went in the coach with lord treasurer : so it happened that those people saw me, and not with lord treasurer. Mrs. F. was to see me about a week ago ; and desired I would get her son into the *Charter-house*.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of *Prior's* Journey ; it makes a two-penny pamphlet ; I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run ; it is a formal, grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. secretary sent to me to dine where he did ; it was at *Prior's* ; when I came in, *Prior* shewed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, " Here is our *English* liberty !" I read some of it, and said, " I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought ; for, had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself." We stayed at *Prior's* till past ten ; and then the secretary received a packet with the news of *Bouchain* being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. *Prior* owned his having been in *France*, for it was past denying : it seems he was discovered by a rascal at *Dover*, who had positive orders to let him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the secretary about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells
me

me he sold yesterday a thousand of *Prior's* Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is *MD* doing all this while? got again to their cards, their *Walls*, their deans, their *Stoytes*, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr. *Stoyte* and *Catharine*. Tell goody *Stoyte*, she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them.—Did I tell you of the archbishop of *Dublin's* last letter? He had been saying, in several of his former, “That he would “shortly write to me something about my-
“self;” and it looked as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends: and, secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in *Divinity* not handled by others, which I should manage better than any body. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But hang him! and so good-night, &c.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the *Park*, and then went with the secretary to dine with lord treasurer. Upon *Thursdays*

7 See vol. XIX. of this collection, p. 106. N.
there

there is always a select company; we had the duke of *Shrewsbury*, lord *Rivers*, the two secretaries, Mr. *Granville*, and Mr. *Prior*. Half of them went to council at six; but *Rivers*, *Granville*, *Prior*, and I, stayed till eight. *Prior* was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to *Paris*; and indeed the two last pages, which the printer got somebody to add, are so romantic, they spoil all the rest. *Dilly Asbe* pretended to me that he was only going to *Oxford* and *Cambridge* for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him as I appointed the other day; but some of his friends tell me, he took leave of them as going to *Ireland*; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the *Winter*, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good sett of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished after *Balderig*, and the claret of *Dublin*; and, after all, I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse, better there than here. *Bernage* was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace. He said, "He never had his health so well as in *Portugal*." He is a favourite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty; I met *H. Coote*, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: *Sir John Stanley* did not come into my head;
so

so I took up with Mrs. *Van*, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe, by her eye-brows, is a bawd. This evening I met *Addison* and *Pastoral Philips* in the *Park*, and supped with them at *Addison's* lodgings; we were very good company, and I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think it is late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with *MD* before your *Presto* goes to bed, because it makes me sleep, and dream, and so forth. Faith this letter goes on slowly enough, firrahs; but I cannot write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey, you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, *Stella*. That puts me in mind of *Dick Tighe*; I fancy I told you, he used to beat his wife here; and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to *Ireland* in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I am sure. Go to bed, firrahs.

Windsor, 15. I made the secretary stop at *Brentford*, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter; but he would light, and we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith, it cost me a guinea. I do not like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our Society met at the secretary's: there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member.

ber, the earl of *Jersey*, whose father died lately. It is past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. *Adams*, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full here on *Sunday*, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. *Adams* knows I love to do so; which is very obliging. The queen saw company in her bed-chamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with lord treasurer as usual, and staid till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except lord keeper, who did not come this time to *Windzor*. I hate these suppers mortally; but I seldom eat any thing.

17. Lord treasurer and Mr. secretary stay here till to-morrow; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. *Lewis* and I were going to dine soberly with a little court friend at one. But lord *Harley* and lord *Dupplin* kept me by force, and said, "We should dine at lord treasurer's, who intended to go at four to *London*." I stayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord treasurer; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of *Somerset*, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till five: so we were forced to go to a tavern, and sent for wine from lord treasurer's, who at last, we were told, did not
go

go to town till the morrow, and at lord treasurer's we supped again; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little *MD*.

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr. *Arbutnot* engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals, for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. *Hill*, who is one of the dressers, and Mrs. *Masbam's* sister, no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one; which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Doctor's wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. *Hill* and I are to dine with the Doctor. I have seen a fellow often about Court, whom I thought I knew. I asked who he was; and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was *Killy's* acquaintance (I will not say yours); I think his name is *Lovet*, or *Lovel*, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the *Bradleys*; and, by the way, I have not seen Mrs. *Bradley* since I came to *England*. I left your letter in *London*, like a fool; and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until *Monday* next: so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The

19. The queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs. *Masbam* is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold; she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatic pain. Dr. *Arbutnot* and Mrs. *Hill* go to-morrow to *Kensington* to see her, and return the same night. Mrs. *Hill* and I dined with the Doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the Doctor to see *Cranburn*, a house of lord *Ranelagh's*, and the duchess of *Marlborough's* lodge, and the *Park*; the finest places they are, for nature and plantations, that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the queen. *Arbutnot* made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called *A History of the Maids of honour since Harry the Eighth*, shewing they make the best wives, with a list of all the maids of honour since, &c.; to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known; and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, it will be a very good court jest; and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. *Hill*.

20. To-day I was invited to the green-cloth by colonel *Godfrey*, who married the duke of *Marlborough's* sister, mother to the duke of *Berwick* by king *James*: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born. But I made my excuses, and young
Harcourt

Harcourt (lord keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. *Adams*. Mrs. *Masbam* is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the duchess of *Somerset* is thought to gain ground daily.—We have not sent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The duke of *Ormond* is censured here, by those in power, for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after *Wexford*. Walk and use exercise, firrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttlecock with you, madam *Stella*, and walk to the dean's and *Donnybroke*.

21. Colonel *Godfrey* sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the Court being always thin of company till *Saturday* night.—This new ink and pen make a strange figure; *I must write larger, yes I must, or Stella will not be able to read this*^z. S. S. S. there is your S s for you, *Stella*. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teasing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell lord keeper and lord treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I squan-

^z These words in *Italicks* are written enormously large.

dered away the rest of it in sitting at *Lewis's* lodging, while he and Dr. *Arbutnot* played at piquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old lady *Berkeley*. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry: I have begged Mr. secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the ministry come to *Windsor*, I ate a bit or two at Mr. *Lewis's* lodgings, because I must sup with lord treasurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr. *Lewis* a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walked in all about five miles; but I was so tired with his slow walking, that I left him here, and walked two miles towards *London*, hoping to meet lord treasurer, and return with him; but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back, so I walked nine miles in all; and lord treasurer did not come till after eight; which is very wrong, for there was no *Moon*, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so; but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and staid till now; when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry and careless and disengaged as a young heir at one and twenty. It is late indeed.

23. The secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not seen him

him yet; but I verily think they are contriving a peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. *Lewis* dined privately with Mr. *Lowman*, clerk of the kitchen. I was to see lord keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour; and lord treasurer had it last night. That rogue *Arbutnot* puts it all upon me. The *Court* was very full to-day: I expected lord treasurer would have invited me to supper; but he only bowed to me; and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. It is now seven at night, and I am at home; and I hope lord treasurer will not send for me to supper; if he does not, I will reproach him; and he will pretend to chide me for not coming.—So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy.—It is now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. secretary: they tell me, “The queen is yet at council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the council afterwards.” It is certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and there is an end.—It is now eleven, and a messenger is come from lord treasurer to sup with them; but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed; for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I will go sleep.

London, 24. I came to town by six with lord treasurer, and have staid till ten. That of the queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the secretary told me

this morning: but I find the ministry are very busy with Mr. *Prior*, and I believe he will go again to *France*. I am told so much, "That we shall certainly have a peace very soon." I had charming weather all last week at *Windsor*; but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. *Prior's* Journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. *Fenton* here; desiring me, in lady *Giffard's* name, to come and pass a week at *Sheen*, while she is at *Moor-park*. I will answer it with a vengeance: and now you talk of answering, there is *MD's N. 20* is yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe, I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till *Thursday*; for I must see the secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. *Stella* writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute; you staid four days at *Inish-Corthy*; two nights at Mrs. *Proby's* mother's; and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left *Wexford* this day sevensnight, "and came here last night." I have heard them say, "That travellers may lie by authority." Make up this, if you can. How far is it from *Wexford* to *Dublin*? how many miles did you travel in a day^a? Let me see
—thirty

^a The doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or any thing else; and this is one of his rapid

—thirty pounds in two months is nine score pounds a year; a matter of nothing in *Stella's* purse! I dreamed *Billy Swift* was alive, and that I told him, you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral; and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad! he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness; and yet now I believe, as you say, that her grief will soon wear off.—O yes, madam *Dingley*, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at *Wexford*! And your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls.—Mrs. *Walls* has got her tea; but who pays me the money? Come, I shall never get it; so I make a present of it, to stop some gaps, &c. Where are the thanks of the house? So, that's well; why, it cost four and thirty shillings *English*—You must adjust that with Mrs. *Walls*; I think that is so many pence more with you.—No, *Leigh* and *Sterne*, I suppose, were not at the water-side; I fear *Sterne's* business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him, for the management of that box; and I was the

rapid computations. For, as *Stella* was seven days in journey, although Dr. *Swift* says only six, she might well have spent four days at *Inish-Cortby*, and two nights at Mrs. *Proby's* mother's, the distance from *Wexford* to *Dublin* being but two easy days journey.

greatest fool in nature, for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it, when I see him. Mr. *Addison* and I met once more since, and I supped with him; I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The archbishop chose an admirable messenger in *Walls*, to send to me; yet I think him fitter for a messenger than any thing.—The D— she^b has! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with lady *Giffard*? I pity poor *Jenny*—but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deafness. I believe, madam *Stella*, in your accompts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was an hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning before I go to the secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next; for I am so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered.—What care I for Dr. *Tisdall* and Dr. *Raymond*, or how many children they have! I wish they had a hundred apiece.—Lord treasurer promises me to answer the bishops' letter to-morrow, and shew it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the duke of *Ormond*: for I have made

^b Somewhat or other which *Stella's* mother had consented to.

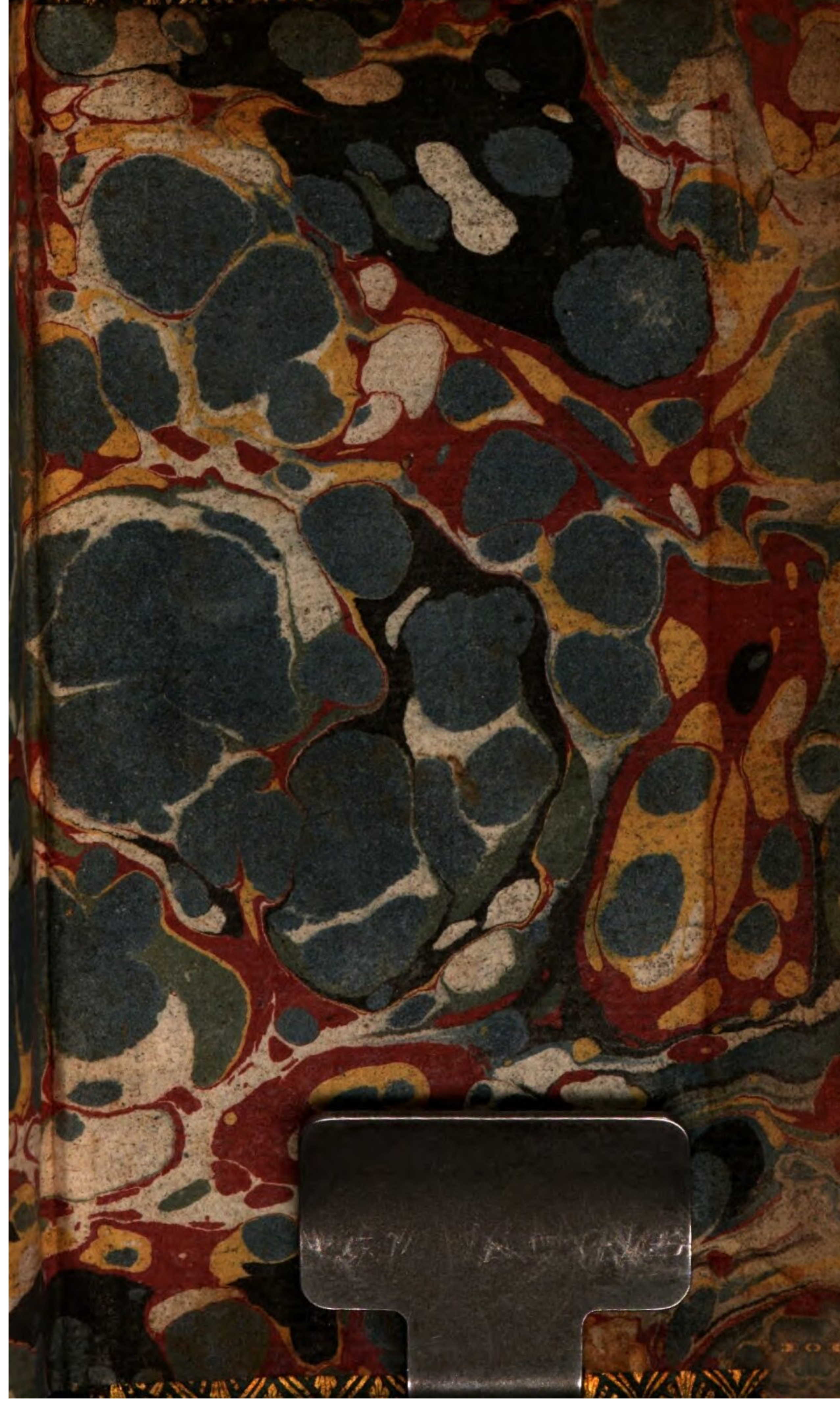
him jealous of it; and, the other day talking of the matter, he said, "I am your witness, you got it for them before the duke was lord lieutenant." My humble service to Mrs. *Walls*, Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catharine*. Farewell, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewell, again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. *Brent*, to get the money when *Parvisol* comes to town, or she can send to him.

END OF VOL IV.





Swift, Jonathan, 1667-1745

The works of Jonathan Swift

Bd.: [22].

London (1775)

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